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THE STANDARD.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THE PRESIDENT—The next speaker I shall have the pleasure of introducing is one who, though for many years out of public sight (having lost his voice for a long period in advocating the rights of the oppressed), has never lost his interest in our glorious cause, which he was among the foremost to espouse; and which was immensely indebted to his voice and pen, in "the times that tried men's souls," for the powerful impetus given to it at that period. I have no words to express the gratification I feel at his presence on this platform to-day, and I am sure you will be equally gratified to listen to his words (applause).

[Mr. WELD, on rising, was warmly received. He spoke for three-quarters of an hour, commanding and rewarding the close attention of the audience; but unfortunately we have no worthy report of his address. He dwelt at some length upon the life of John C. Calhoun, as illustrating the terrible effects, upon "a model man in original moral structure," of the exercise of despotic power; showing how the great Southern leader, by this perversion of his nature, became one of the worst men known in American history.]

The PRESIDENT—The last speaker advertised in our programme is Wendell Phillips, of Boston (applause).

Speech of Mr. Phillips.

MR. PHILLIPS referred to the instance which Mr. Weld had given, as exemplifying what has been the effect on the Northern and Southern mind alike of the great temptation of political and social life, and stated that one of the class-mates of Mr. Calhoun in Yale College assured him that when Calhoun left New Haven he went home with a deep anti-slavery purpose, with a fixed resolve to do what in him lay to free his native State from the curse of negro slavery. The inconsistency to which allusion had been made culminated, he thought, in one act of his political life, which brought the otherwise unsullied private character of the distinguished South Carolinian to a level with the mob of his Northern compatriots, when, in urging the annexation of Texas to our country in a communication to the English government, he attempted to show that slavery helped and freedom hurt the colored man. He used the facts of the census of 1840 to show the great increase of colored insanity in the free States—facts which John Quincy Adams had brought to his individual notice as lies—and instanced one case in Maine wherein all the colored inhabitants of a whole County were made the residents of one insane poor-house in a single town, and regarded as the inhabitants of that town; and yet, after that falsification was brought to his notice, this remorseless champion of a corrupt institution took that lying statement in his right hand for the basis of his argument to foreign nations. His case is but a fitting illustration of the influences under which the mind of this generation has come into the political arena. With such an education, the great struggle broke out. The South counted on two allies in her Northern enemy; one was hatred of the negro—the other copperhead democratic sympathy with the aristocracy of the South. She counted confidently on these allies, but found she had reckoned without her host. They were accustomed to say on that platform, for the last ten years, that if there could be a concatenation of circumstances which would bring into the anti-slavery school the rank and file of the Democracy, the victory for freedom would be as sure as the existence of God. The anti-slavery people claimed that they had in that democratic element the prejudice against wealth and rank, and the ineradicable love which man has at the centre for the rights of his fellow-man (applause). When the war broke out, the first blow the South aimed at the Union, as if by a chemical solution, crystalized that level of democracy into the anti-slavery mould, and from that hour to this it is the sheet-anchor of the Union, and while it holds the future is certain. The only reason why this element did not grope at once to victory was because they were led by men who did not intend to conquer. Our statesmen were only ready for the shibboleth, "Freedom if necessary to save the Union"—it was a contingent freedom, not freedom for itself and in any event. Under that sort of leadership we went to battle. The Generals and the Cabinet meant no more than to play a part in the great drama of justice for which their hearts were not ready. Lucien tells us of an exhibition in Rome in which a great number of monkeys had been trained to take part in a play. They played their parts perfectly before an audience composed of the fashion, beauty and culture of the city, but in the midst of the performance some Roman wag flung upon the stage a handful of nuts, and immediately the actors were monkeys again. The statesmen who went to Washington monkeys in human attire, were determined to compromise if possible, the South flung nuts among them for eighteen months, and they were on all fours for the temptation (laughter and applause). That epoch is ended. As in Cromwell's day they sloughed off such effete elements as Essex and Fairfax, we should slough off Generals and statesmen, and never can we be successful till routine West Point and rotten Whiggery have been made to put on decent attire, or been sent forth to private life, and those put in their places who believe in absolute, uncompromising war. As had already been said, this war did not mean battle only; it was a war also of words, of purpose and of principle. Types wage as cruel and certain a war as bullets. The war of types is over, and the war of bullets has come. It will last, how long? Till the sites of Richmond and Charleston are sowed over with salt, as he hoped our victorious Generals would sow them (applause). He knew no worth in taking Richmond, Savannah or Charleston, unless we sow their acres with salt, and leave the antiquary to doubt the locality on which they existed; because his idea of the war was this: it is the aristocracy of the South on the one hand, allied with the Copperhead politics of the North, against the minority of intelligent, virtuous, far-sighted, democratic, freedom-loving men of the North. The proud man who hates his brother is our enemy, the idle man too lazy to think is our enemy, and the loafer seeking a living without working for it is our enemy (applause). Every honest man, asking for his own, and willing to do his part, is our ally, whether he eats rice on the banks of the Ganges, or is enrolled in the army under Hooker; but never till that minority of honest men realize this can there be peace or union. Till that time union means a submission to the old Slavocracy, as bitter and more relentless than ever. The majority never ruled. England didn't abolish slavery in the West Indies because nine out of ten wished it, but because the nine idle men did not have strength enough to resist the one industrious and honest man. This government is to be saved, if it is to be saved at all, by the uncompromising, resistless determination of one honest man in the ten, that at last liberty shall have its way (great applause). He believed, as had been said there by another, that, in spirit and purpose, this government means liberty, and that when this rebellion is finished this government will be one of liberty. His question to-day was not one of gratitude for the past, but it was, how shall this rebellion be finished? The minority should hurl themselves on the government, and demand every moment the uttermost duty from their leaders. He valued Hooker (applause), but he looked forward to the day when Hooker was to be sloughed off for a better man. He wanted not only able men and honest, but he wanted earnest men, to meet earnest men on the other side. He was sick of honest men—utterly disgusted with them. When the ship was being dashed against the rocks, it was poor consolation to be told the pilot was an honest man. He did not know, though he believed, that Butler or Fremont were great generals; but try them, and if they be not, let them go by the board.

Our friend, Mr. Purvis, spoke of the Secretary of State giving passports to colored men. How did William H. Seward give a passport to a colored man? I will tell you. When he took office, one of the New England Senators went to him, a note in his hand, and said, "I want a passport for a colored constituent in my town."

"Well, you can't have one," said Seward (it was before the month of June, 1861), "you can't have one."

"Why not?" said the questioner.

"Well, niggers don't have passports from this office."

"Indeed," said the Senator. "Do you mean to say that we endorse the Dred Scott decision?"

"Oh, no," said Seward, "I don't mean to say anything; I don't mean to say that we endorse it or that we deny it. All I mean to say is, that niggers don't get passports here."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the Senator; "we'll see to that."

So he put on his hat to go up higher. But before he left, Mr. Seward turns upon him and says: "Why (with an expletive) did you tell me that this was a colored man? Why did you not say that you wanted a passport for John Smith?"

"I was just reading his note as I came in, and I should not have thought of concealing it. I did not suppose the fact had any significance."

"Well, he can't have a passport. That's all."

"Oh, yes he will," was the reply.

"Sit down and write a letter, asking me for a blank passport."

The man did so and signed his name. Seward folded it up, put it on file as if for his defence, brought out a blank passport, and said, "Put as many niggers into it as you want to" (laughter).

That was in June, 1861. William H. Seward acting out his nature—the monkey with the nuts in his hand (roars of laughter). Then came August. Then came the battles which made the North sore to vengeance. Then came a wave so high that it carried all such statesmen a whole arrow's flight ahead. And then Mr. Seward hastened to deck himself with the merit of giving this passport to colored men, and let the New York press boast of it through the Empire State.

Now, that is just the kind of men who will never lead us to victory—never. The Hallecks, the Sewards, the Blairs, the Chases follow their own ambition—strong minds, bad hearts, corrupt purposes, and all the means of this eventful hour turned awry to serve them. Nor shall we have victory till the nation sends them so deep that political plummet will not reach them.

The army will do its duty; the people will do their duty. But to achieve successes which shall settle this question on a permanent basis, you want men like Butler, Phelps, Fremont, Hunter, Hamilton, who mean that this Union shall mean union at any rate, and that if it does not mean union it shall not exist; who know no nation except one that secures liberty (applause). These are the men who are to shape the policy and guide the thunderbolts of the government. I believe there never will be a victory worth having until the second General shall be sent home to San Francisco and the quicksilver mine.

An old adage says, "A fool is never a great fool till he has learned Latin." And so a man is never utterly incorrigible till he graduates at West Point (laughter). My policy is to step onward. Since this Society last met, the President has freed three million of slaves. That is a great success. But we are not warring with slaveholders, but with slavery; and Lincoln has just as much right to destroy slavery in Kentucky as he has to destroy slavery in Louisiana (applause).

Lincoln called Fremont to his right hand, and Hamilton to his left, and Butler to stand in front of him. To each one of these men he pledged, from his own lips, solemnly, reiteratedly, employment immediately—so immediately that in one case he would not permit one of these generals even to quit Washington for six hours. No one of them has the baton of a command. No one of them can issue an order to a soldier. Why? Because Abraham Lincoln is not President of the United States. Because a Cabinet, with its own ends to attain, and a General-in-Chief loaded down with the whole mountain of West Point on his shoulders, presume to make conditions. The press is the mouse that is to gnaw the cable that binds the President of the United States. The press is to free him. The first slave to be emancipated is Abraham Lincoln, of the White House, from subserviency to those who surround him (applause). The worst rebellion in the land is the rebellion of the Cabinet and Generals against common sense and justice. Our duty is to take gratefully all that the Cabinet is bullied into giving us, and, like Oliver, to ask for more. He must ask those who are incapable of being the Cromwells of the Revolution to step aside and allow the coming man to enter in at the doors. The men I have named are the only ones who can safely be trusted to lead in this crisis. They will not need excuses nor explanations. The government that has had two years of experience, of warning and of advice, without profiting by it, must abide the consequences. In the words of the old proverb, "He that won't be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock" (applause). If they will not be ruled by wise counsels they must abide disaster; if they won't hear advice they must expect reverses. When our half-measure Generals are again beaten in the field and driven out of Virginia, then we shall have whole Generals called into service. Then we shall not see regiments returning while the battles of the country are being fought. One hundred thousand men from the North-west, and one hundred thousand from the North-east will spring to arms, side by side with the negro, to fight the battle to the bitter end. Massachusetts is to have the honor, and we are thankful for such a privilege—handkerchief State as we are—that we will send the first negro Union regiment to the war (applause). Mr. Toombs once said that he would yet call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill; but before he could succeed Higginson has got ahead of him, and called the roll of Toombs's slaves on the soil of South Carolina (loud applause). And now Massachusetts gathers a thousand for the fight, and has three thousand more behind (applause)—while the Southwest, in response to the call of Gen. Thomas, has promised to raise fifty thousand in three months. The future, therefore, looks cheerful. In another year the ranks of liberty will be full, and we shall then have leave to dissolve.

The meeting was then closed by singing the Doxology, "From all that dwell below the skies," and the assembly dispersed to meet in the evening at the Cooper Institute.

MEETING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

On Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, the Society assembled in the Cooper Institute, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President, in the chair. A large and highly intelligent audience was present.

The Hutchinson Family having sung an appropriate song, THEODORE TILTON was introduced as the first speaker, and warmly received.

Speech of Theodore Tilton.

MY FRIENDS: I bring to you the Negro! Not the slave—not the contraband—not the freedman—but the negro! You and I will not meet slavery in the future as we have met it in the past. The times have changed. Our attitude now toward that system is the attitude of St. Margaret in Raphael's picture—our feet are upon the Great Dragon, and the palm-branch of victory is in our hands (applause). The Cause which this May festival represents takes now a new phase. As *The Journal of Commerce* expresses it, "The opposition is no longer to the Slave: it is to the Negro." That is, there is a sworn enmity to the black man whether in his chains, or out—whether under the yoke, or free. Men dislike the color of his skin—so they lift their hands to smite his cheek. Our plea, therefore, is no longer for the Slave. That argument has passed. It passed on the First of January. The needful plea now is for the Negro. That necessity still remains. "The poor ye have always with you!"

Who, then, is the Negro? What is his rank among men? Send men to search for the negro, and where will they look? They will look under their own feet—for they keep him to trample on! Lift him up and ask, who is he? and what do men answer? An inferior man—a sunken humanity—a half-gifted child of God. A white man, looking down upon a negro, straightway lifts himself up an inch higher into a fool's pride!

But settle as you will who are *above* the negro, I will tell you who are *below* him. The Esquimaux are below him. The Pacific Islanders are below him. The South American tribes poleward from the La Plata are below him. The ground castes of India are below him: Bachman says that the head of the Negro measures three square inches more than the head of the Hindoo. The natives of Van Dieman's Land are below him. Is the negro's skull thick? The Van Dieman's Lander breaks fire-wood over *his!* He would do to be his own schoolmaster! (Laughter.) I can count you twenty races of men—and as many editors of newspapers—who rank below the negro (laughter).

Ethnologists say that the classes of mankind are five—just a handful! You can count them on your thumb and fingers—like the five points of Calvinism (laughter). Thus—Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American Indian, Malay. Now I put a question: would you exchange the negroes of the South for four million Malays? They are a nation of pirates—like the English (laughter). Would you exchange them for four million Chinese? Ask San Francisco! Would you exchange them for four million Indians? Ask Minnesota, and read her answer in fire and massacre! So, out of the five classes of mankind, the negro is your second choice. You prefer him before three-fifths of all the world! You rank him second to the Caucasian. That is to say, you count him the best man in the world after yourself!

Of course, you would exchange the negroes for four million Caucasians. We have a Caucasian pride. But who are these typical Caucasians who have given their name to the best blood of the world? Who are these chief aristocrats of the earth? They borrow their name from Mt. Caucasus—their supposed native seat. The books say that their women are like Venus—their men like Apollo—the finest known specimens of mankind. But Mrs. Primrose says, "Handsome is, that handsome does." Now, what have these handsome Caucasians done in the world? I mean the pure, original stock, by the Black Sea—untainted by baser blood. They have accomplished nothing! They have originated no new idea. They have left no record in history. They have exerted no influence upon mankind. They are like the Adam of the Scriptures—the original Caucasian of the garden—who probably had a fine figure and a fair face, but who never said a single word, or thought a single thought, which God deemed worthy of record in the Scriptures to after times. Take the whole double tribe of original Caucasians—Georgians on one side, and Circassians on the other—and compare them, for influence in the world, with our American negroes. I maintain that the slaves of the single State of South Carolina have done more useful work—have written themselves a more lasting name in history—are exerting more influence upon their day and generation—shaking States—changing governments—settling ideas—than the whole tribe of original Caucasians who still look up to their native mountain-peak to receive the whiteness of its snows upon their foreheads, and the glow of its sun-flushes upon their cheeks! Caucasian? The beautiful name is of as little account as the ugly-faced newspaper that steals it in this city! (Laughter.)

Do you say the negro race is inferior? No man can yet pronounce that judgment safely. How will you compare races, to give each its due rank? There is but one just way. You must compare them in their fulfilments, not in their beginnings—in their flower, not in their bud. Nations rise, wax strong, decline. Now, for instance, how will you estimate the rank of the great Roman people? By its beginnings? By its decline? By neither. You rank it at the height of its civilization—when it attained to jurisprudence, to statesmanship, to eloquence, to the beautiful arts. Otherwise you rank it unjustly. The Germans, to-day, give philosophy to Europe—but you can count the years backwards when the Germans, now philosophers, were barbarians. Who could say, eight or nine centuries ago, what was to be the intellectual capacity of the French nation? So no man can now predict what is to be the intellectual destiny of the negro race. That race is yet so undeveloped—that destiny is yet so unfulfilled—that no man can say, and no wise man pretends to say, what the negro race is capable of being.

Inferior? What is human inferiority? Will you look at a child in his cradle and say, That is an inferior man? No. You wait for his growth—you judge him by his manhood. Will you look upon a race yet in its infancy and say, That is an inferior race? No. The time has not yet come to judge that infant child; the time has not yet come to judge this infant race. These stormy times are yet only rocking its cradle in the tree-tops, as in the nursery song! It may be that the negro race—on their native continent—in the long future—growing strong as other nations grow weak—holding the soil in one hand and the sea in the other—may yet rise to be the dominant, superior race of the world. I do not say this will so be—but I say, no man can prove that this will *not* so be. You may read Prichard, and Pinkerton, and Morton, and Pickering, and Latham, and all the rest—the whole library of Ethnology—and in the confusion of knowledge you will find one thing clear—and that is, science has not yet proved, in advance, that the negro race is not to be a high-cultured, dominant race—rulers of their own continent, and perhaps dictators to the world. No man can foresee the future of the world's history. Who knows but that each continent may, in turn, become chief of the whole five in power and civilization? Asia once outranked Europe, but Europe now outranks Asia. North America, once a wilderness, now nearly equals Europe. Who knows but that Africa may yet, in time, overtop them all? For, as the least shall be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, it may be, also, that the least shall be greatest among the kingdoms of the earth (applause).

But, whatever is to be the destiny of the negro race in Africa, every man sees that we are not to have a negro race in America—I mean a strictly negro race, of unmingled blood. We have no isolated race here, white or black, except one—the Jews. The American people are many peoples—a nation of many nations. The four quarters of the earth send us their sons and daughters. As all tongues have entered into the English tongue, so all nations are entering into the English-speaking race on this continent.

It is as if God, counselling with himself how to make this nation the greatest on the earth, had said—"Of what fibre shall I make them? With what qualities shall I endow them?" Then he poured into their veins the Saxon blood—that their eyes might be filled with the sky, and their hair with the sun. Then he mingled with it the Celtic, quickened with mercury and touched with fire. Then he poured into it the sunny wines of the South of Europe. Then, after many other gifts, he gave it—last but not least—that strange, mysterious current—which bleeds, when wounded, like other men's blood!—which dances in the pulse, when joy-smitten, like other men's blood!—yet which carries the blackness of darkness into men's faces in token that it should also carry the shadow of death into men's souls!

Then God said, "How shall I prepare a continent to be the home of such a people?" And he straightway ribbed it through the centre with mountain-chains—that the Swiss and the Swede, coming hither, might still find fellowship of eternal hills. He salted it on either side with two great seas—that the maritime people of Europe, coming hither, might find still fairer coasts for their ships. He laid his palm upon it, levelling it to lake and plain—that the Hollander, coming hither, might find his customary flat lands, and might see how the Zuyder Zee, touched by miracle of nature, blooms into an illimitable level of prairie-grass! Last but not least, he stretched its Southern slope into the tropical heats—that the negro also, coming hither, might find a home, where only he and the eagle should have courage to look at the sun!

It is with such a people, and with such a continent under their feet, that God is working out the destiny of the New World.

Is it a wise plan? Great nations get the fibre of their strength from mixed bloods. In Europe—the most civilized of the continents—every nation stands built upon the broken fragments of former nations. God sets the centuries rolling over nationalities until, in process of time, all peoples lose their original indentity—the nations mingle their blood—the face of the world is changed. It is written that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on the face of the earth." If part of this blood becomes separated from the general current of humanity—diverted for centuries, as with the Jews, into an exclusive and narrow channel—never resupplied out of the great reservoir of the race—history shows that it loses some element of richness, of vitality, of capacity for national greatness. What have the Jews gained by being miserly of their blood? Since Solomon, they have treasured up their nationality, letting none run to waste. But have they, in consequence, transmitted the wisdom of Solomon? When the Jews die, will wisdom die with them? Yes, in one respect. Solomon says that wisdom is gold. If the Jews were to drop off, I think gold would go down (laughter). But I cast no shadow upon the Jews—those wanderers in the earth, who have no rest for the soles of their feet. For they, too, have a claim of partnership in the Christian doctrine which you and I must practice—"Honor all men!"

As a single family, marrying within itself, violates the equities of nature, so a nation which keeps itself forever as an exclusive family among nations holds back its own progress, and prevents its greatness. The history of the world's civilization is written in one word—which many are afraid to speak—which many more are afraid to hear—and that is, Amalgamation.

This is especially the history of this country. Was there ever such a motley multitude as compose this nation! Were there ever such interminglings of many races? Saxon blood is spilt into Anglo-Saxon veins. Celtic blood hides in many a man's heart who has never dreamed that he is an Irishman—and never will till we have war with England (laughter). Feel the pulse of our American nationality—open the channel of its veins—question the blood concerning its pedigree—nay, look only at men's features as you meet them day by day—there a trace of German descent, there an unmistakable Scotch feature, there a borrowing from the Spanish, there a token of Huguenot ancestry—why, the map of the whole world is written in the faces of the men who daily walk the streets of New York! (Applause.)

Three stupendous processes of intermingling of races are going forward in this country. First, we are absorbing the Irish race. Second, we are absorbing the German race. Third, what? Are we absorbing the negro race? No, just the opposite. Look at the facts. It is not black blood that pours itself into white veins. It is white blood that pours itself into black veins. It is not, therefore, a philosophical statement to say, as Pres. Sturtevant says, that the negro race is being absorbed by the white. On the contrary, the negro race is receiving and absorbing part of the white. A large fraction of the white race of the South is melting away into the black. I am not stating any theory on the subject—I am stating only the fact. That is the plain fact, which no man can gainsay.

Our fathers, in writing the Constitution, said in the preamble that it was to secure the blessings of liberty "to ourselves and our posterity." Southern interpreters claim that these blessings are for white men, not for black. But who are the posterity of Southern white men? They are Southern half-black men (laughter). If God were to step visibly into the land, holding that preamble in His hand, and calling out, "As many as are here named, let them come forth!" how many would answer? A hand-writing in milk, held to the fire, becomes plain. So the record of white blood written in the black race of this country, if suddenly summoned to play tell-tale with its secret, would give answer in the faces of three-quarters of the four million slaves! I say three-quarters! These figures are not a guess. They are a careful estimate—based upon good authority—upon many inquiries—and believed to understate rather than to overstate the truth.

Have you not seen with your own eyes—no man can have escaped it—that the black race in this country is losing its typical blackness? Go into any social company of colored people. I was lately at a colored people's wedding—for they, too, marry and are given in marriage. Not one in twenty of the colored persons present had either the pure African color or feature. What does this argue? That the negro race is passing away, like the Indian? No! the Indian is dying out—the negro is only changing color! Men who, by and bye, shall ask for the Indians, will be pointed to their graves—"There lie their ashes." Men who, by and bye, shall ask for the negroes, will be told, "See, there they are, clad in white men's skins!" The negro dying out? Vain thought! The race has not only its own blood to keep it alive, but is taking to itself the blood of the aristocracy of the South. The negro is filling his veins from two fountains of life! A hundred years ago a mulatto was a curiosity—now the mulattoes are half a million. You can yourself predict the future! Mr. Phillips last evening held in his hand, on this platform, an early white May blossom of the coming harvest! [Referring to the little white slave-girl whom Mr. Beecher had baptized the Sunday before.—REP.] What follows? Does any man wish to preserve the black race in this country as a distinctively black race, unmingled with the white? Then destroy slavery! Otherwise, the negro will steal the white man's face. If you dislike to permit this, then give him his freedom! You must do one or the other!

The earth is covered with many distinct nationalities. What is God's object in this variety? It is to broaden and diversify human character. The thoughts of the Infinite Mind are so great that it takes many symbols to express one. What is God's idea of a flower? Is it a daisy? Is it a lily? Is it a rose? It is none of these by itself. It takes the whole garden of the earth—every flower that grows, every blossom that bursts in May—it takes all these, gathered out of every clime, the world around, to illustrate the greatness, the breadth of God's idea when he made the flowers of the field. Now, man—who is *he?* Is he a Frenchman? A Spaniard? An Asiatic? A Sea-islander? An Indian? A Negro? None of these, by himself. It takes all men to make Man! It takes all tongues and tribes and races to mass up God's grand idea of humanity!

Look at Europe! What a diversity of races—yet every race different from every other—and each, in some peculiar characteristic, superior to every other. Now, strike out the German mind from the world—strike out the French mind—strike out the Scotch mind—strike out the English mind—and you impoverish the world by just so much as you destroy any of its varying types of mankind. Now, I maintain that, as you cannot afford to strike out any of these, you cannot afford to strike out the Negro (applause).

I will tell you why. In the first place, the negro is the most religious man among men. Is not the religious nature the highest part of human nature? Strike out the negro, then, and you destroy the highest development of the highest part of human nature. If the Christian system were to perish to-day out of the world, it could be reconstructed to-morrow—not a doctrine lost—from the half-inspired lips of uncultured plantation slaves. In Solomon's Song, the Bride is made to say, "I am black, for the sun hath looked at me." Do you take the Bride to mean the Church—as Commentators say—and Christ the Head? Then I suggest whether the meaning may not be that the Church of Christ is preeminently the black race—the religious race of the world?

It is a mistake to rank men only by a superiority of intellectual faculties. God has given to man a higher dignity than the reason. It is the moral nature. Now compare the inherent moral nature of the negro race with that of other men. Baron Larry says that the most perfect human skull is the Arab's. What is the Arab's religious nature? In the Academy of Design on Broadway is a picture of an Arab kneeling in the sand before the Sphinx, his ear at its lips, waiting in superstitious awe for the whispering of some secret which the dumb image will never divulge. But the negro of the plantation—whom men call the meanest of the human race—knows better than the perfect-brained Arab, for, bowing down before no stone image, he lifts his face up to the Living God, saying, in the fervor of his devotion, "The entrance of thy Word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple" (applause).

In all those intellectual activities which take their strange quickening from the moral faculties—which we call instincts, intuitions—the negro is superior to the white man—equal to the white woman. It is sometimes said—I have heard Parke Godwin say—that the negro race is the feminine race of the world. This is not only because of his social and affectional nature, but because he possesses that strange moral, instinctive insight that belongs more to women than to men. I suppose that the brain of Daniel Webster weighed five pounds. Now, Daniel Webster said, "It is useless to reënact the laws of God." Frederick Douglass replied, "It is worse than useless to reënact any other." I think the black man's remark morally profounder than the white's.

Then, too, we have need of the negro for his Mirth—because he carries about in his bosom that "cheerful heart that doeth good like a medicine." A negro's laugh has a Summer day's sunshine in it (laughter).

We have need of the negro for his Imitative Faculty—which, not working toward constructiveness—not making him a mechanic or inventor (I mean as a class), works toward the æsthetic faculties and makes him the true dramatic actor, though banished from the stage. Shakspeare knew this, and drew Othello with an art so true to nature that the play will never be truly represented until you permit the negro to come upon the boards to represent it.

We have need of the negro for his Music—a great race, unto whom, in their bondage, as unto Paul and Silas in their prison-house, God has mercifully given songs in the night!

But let us stop questioning whether the negro is a man. In many respects, he is a superior man. In a few respects, he is the greatest of men. I think he is certainly greater than those men who clamor against giving him a chance in the world, as if they feared something in the competition (laughter).

Now, what is it that I ask for the negro? I ask nothing more than for the white man, and nothing less. I ask nothing more than for myself—and nothing less. First of all, I ask that he shall not be held a slave. Break the yokes; burst the chains; open the prison-doors; let the oppressed go free! (Applause.) I ask, then, that after he is free, he shall not be oppressed by those cruel laws which degrade him to a secondary slavery in the free States. I ask that in the State of New York he shall go to the ballot-box, carrying his ballot in his hand, subject to the same restrictions as white men, and subject to no other (applause). On the day when the people of this State gave, with their right hand, a 100,000 majority for Abraham Lincoln, they gave, with their left, a 100,000 majority against negro suffrage. We must help the negro up from under the weight of that injustice (applause). I ask, then, that he shall take his seat in the jury-box to perform his part in those honorable services from which no white man escapes. Do you say that he is too humble for such a position? Well, I have known a million dollars—the interests of a great corporation—to hang in a jury-room upon the assenting voice of a twelfth juror, and he a poor humble mechanic earning a dollar a day. It was a sublime spectacle! I ask, also, that the negro shall be eligible to every political office to which white men are eligible. Then, after nomination, if you don't like him, vote him down—as you vote down other decent men (laughter). Are negroes capable of holding office? Capable of governing States? Well, for instance, for the next Presidency, as between Gen. McClellan and Frederick Douglass—who is your choice? (Applause.) In the British Island of Jamaica the ablest man in the government is Sir Edward Jordon—and he is a negro. I hope to see the day when South Carolina shall be governed by some educated negro, who shall be lifted to that high position by the generous majority of a free people (applause). I do not ask just now that competent black men shall hold office. I ask that incompetent black men shall hold office—for only so will they be on a level with the whites (laughter).

I ask that the negro shall receive the respect of the best society. He always does—for that only is the best society that honors the poor! (applause.) Ask him into your pew at church. Let him ride at your side in the cars. Give him the right hand of fellowship—as, indeed, God ordained, for He made the inside of the negro's hand white, for clasping a white man's (laughter). The finest sight I ever saw in Central Park was an old wagon, an old horse, and an Irishman and a Negro sitting side by side on one seat, taking a fashionable drive (laughter). That team and its teamsters, I thought, drove farther into the shadowy edge of the millennium than all the gilded cavalcade that whirled by! (Laughter and applause.)

Now, after these views of the character of the negro, and of his rights, what are the signs of the times? What are the hopes that this character will be acknowledged, and these rights achieved? A new era came in with Sumter. That fortress of Charleston harbor was built upon a foundation of New England granite; that State of South Carolina shall be rebuilt upon a foundation of New England ideas. How the war has changed character in two years! The Revolution of our fathers began with no idea of the independence of the colonies, but only a redress of grievances. The war now in the land began with no idea of the emancipation of slaves, but only the retaking of forts. But how grandly has that providence—that rules the whirlwind and directs the storm—evolved out of a struggle for the maintainance of the public property a grander struggle for the maintenance of the dignity of man! We witness the spectacle of a great nation, staking all that it holds dear, in a contest of life or death, upon an issue which, stripped of all the disguises that conceal the real meaning of the war, means simply this—that we will no longer join hands in building up a despotism whose corner-stone is laid upon the body of the slave! Every flag that we now send Southward is a token to the world that we mean no longer to suffer the despoiling of the poor.

This is something new in the world's history. A nation struggling for self-existence—that is nothing new! A nation struggling for self-aggrandisement—that is nothing new! A nation struggling against a civil war—that is nothing new! But here is a nation struggling for the rights of the meanest beggars that walk naked and hungry up and down its desolate plantations! This is something new. No record equals this, in human annals. There have been many struggles for freedom before. The world is rich with their sacred memory. But what has been the aim of these struggles? They have been the contests of the common people against princes and kings, against priests and popes—striking at a tyrannous state oppressing them on one side, striking at a tyrannous church oppressing them on the other. The people heard a king say, "I am the state," and they smote the lie dead upon his lips, and ever since have said, "*We* are the state." The people saw an ecclesiastical hierarchy treading upon liberty of conscience, and they asserted the right of private judgment, and ever since have said, "To our own Master we stand or fall!" The people, looking up, saw kings above them, and drew them down; saw a privileged class above them, and cast them down; saw the various aristocracies of birth and wealth above them, and smote them down.

What, therefore, has been the struggle for liberty in the past? It has been the common people lifting up their hands above their heads to pull down to their own level the high, the noble, the proud! What is the struggle for liberty now? It is the common people reaching down their hands under their feet to lift up to their own level the low, the poor, the slave! (Applause.) This it is that constitutes the Christian marvel of our times. This it is that distinguishes this war from every other war ever waged in the world. Four million of slaves are under our feet: they are to stand at our side!—each a child of God!—each having a birthright here, and an inheritance there!—each crowned with a strange, immortal dignity that falls like a coronet out of the heavens, upon every man whom God hath honored and whom God hath loved! (Applause).

We speak of social equality and inequality—of high and low—of rich and poor—of white and black. If you had walked down Broadway at six o'clock this evening—stemming that stream of humanity that pours hitherward after the mill-wheels of the day's work are stopped—you would have seen the merchant, the scholar, the lawyer—you would have seen the mechanic, the beggar, the black—all grades of men. You would have rendered them varying respect according to their varying grade. But how soon, after all, shall all these distinctions fade away, and all men shall stand equal before the bar of Him who is no respecter of persons! If, then, these distictions avail so little there, why should they avail so much here? My thought goes out to that great multitude of God's lowly children who are soon to be lifted to a higher estate on earth—that great race who, for 240 years, have been slaves on the same soil where we are free—whose bondage is thrice older than the Republic—whose fathers, for eight generations, have worn the chain, and borne the burden, and gone down with their sorrows into merciful graves! What a record will be revealed against this nation in that day when the books shall be opened, and the graves shall burst, and the dead shall wake, and God shall avenge His own elect! I dare not think of it! Veil the picture! It is too awful for human sight! Look, rather, to the far South, and see the living children of these eight generations of the dead—children more blessed than their fathers, having now a hope in this world—look Southward and behold them emerging out of the valley of the shadow of death into the light and liberty of the sons of God! My countrymen, give them a greeting of good cheer! Throw words of Christian welcome, like roses, under their feet, to make fragrant the pathway of their coming! For behold they come guided of Him whose reward is with Him—who has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye do it unto me" (applause).

The Hutchinson Family then sung, with great effect, the anti-slavery song, "Over the mountain and over the moor"; when the President introduced Mr. PHILLIPS as the next speaker.

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

The subject which Mr. Tilton has introduced is certainly one most appropriate for the consideration of an Anti-Slavery Anniversary,—the place which the negro has occupied, and which he is to occupy, in the civilization of the world. Every word that teaches the truth in that point is of importance to us. Still, in the broadest view of the question, taking into consideration not years but centuries, measuring by generations,—and that is always reasonable in judging nationalities,—I think races are of secondary importance. My own conviction is, that in a historical point of view, a great deal too much importance has been given to this subject of races. For thus I read history. At the commencement, in the cradle of history, in the very northernmost portion of Asia, we are told there existed a race which was probably the parent of all science, out of whose scattered relics Egypt gathered enough to fill her cup to overflowing, and to furnish Greece. The second race that received that Siberian civilization was the Hindoo. Long before either African or European civilization commenced, his sword was the keenest, his brain the heaviest, his literature the most finished, his metaphysics the most acute; and Tocqueville tells us that every possible question that anyone has yet unearthed was not only started, but exhausted in the era of Sanscrit literature. They had their Walter Scott a thousand years before Christ; their drama touched perfection eight hundred years before our era, and yet to-day men discuss whether the Hindoo possesses intellect and courage. Egypt seized the torch from the hand of Asia, and kept it alight for half a dozen centuries, carrying her conquests to the shores of the Indian and Atlantic oceans, and yet she has been the basest of nations for a thousand years. From the overflowing cup of Egyptian civilization, Greece filled her vase, and for three hundred years led the van of civilization for the world; and yet, "the Greek, a slave and a liar," is the proverb of modern Europe. Rome clutched from Greece the half-extinguished torch, and bore it aloft until the shores of three continents grew bright in its blaze, and yet to-day the Italian rises after spending centuries under the heel of petty despots to hold his liberty by permission of those his ancestors called barbarians. Cicero said of the English, that they made the most excellent slaves, and yet to-day John Bull's pluck bullies half the world. How much is there in races when we measure them by centuries? Not much. The Negro of old gained himself a place in history, and he may take it again. Who knows? But it is no business of ours. I despise an empire resting its claims on the blood of a single race. My pride in the future is in the banner that welcomes every race and every blood, and under whose shelter all races stand up equal (applause). I hope the negro never will die out. God grant he may figure on the monuments of America a thousand years hence, a symbol of the breadth of our nationality. Col. Higginson says in one of his private letters, that he has been accustomed to a black regiment so long that a white face actually looks unhealthy to him (laughter and applause). Why not? Mr. President, I have no respect for the civilization that treads softly when it crosses the limits of races. I consider our negrophobia disgraceful enough on Christian principles, and certainly contemptible when we measure it with the yard-stick of civilization. I passed a day lately with a professor of a Parisian university, and he told me that side by side with him in college, when he was a boy, sat a full-blooded negro. When they came to their trials before the examining committees, one of whose verdicts exempted a man from all civil and many military burdens, the only man of the class that passed that ordeal was the negro, and to-day he is professor of a Parisian university, above all the laws of conscription, and freed from one-half of the taxes, by virtue of his brains. Another of his own classmates, he said, passed one or two examinations, and held a commission of high rank in the French army,—one-half of his blood unmistakably black. I honor French civilization. It welcomes genius. It measures a man by brains. It estimates a man by his manhood, and not by his color. I walked the streets of Paris at five o'clock of a Sunday afternoon, the most fashionable hour of the most fashionable day, and saw half a dozen couples, black and white, parading the Boulevard, and I was the only man uncivil enough to turn around and stare. I honor that civilization; it is noble and full of self respect. Ours is but the pale reflection of the barbarous States of the South. It is barbarism, and gross ignorance. God has sent us this struggle, in my view, to lift us out of it. I have no fear of colorphobia. Like all other prejudices it is a coward. The moment you face it, it shrinks, it blusters while you yield, bullies if you are afraid, and retires the instant you make

ment to green Erin? Yet I can remember when no political speech was made without a slur upon that nation. But the politician now is careful what he says against a race which commands five hundred thousand votes. Thanks to democracy, which does not put the negro under the protection of the white man, but gives to every class the means of protecting itself (applause).

That is my future for the black man. I don't care for his race, whether it is first, second or third., I don't care for his brains, whether they weigh much or little. He has brains to be responsible in the police and criminal courts of his country, and therefore he has brains enough to go to the ballot-box; and every politician will weigh his wishes, and acknowledge his equality the moment you give his right hand the means of conferring power. That is my future for the colored man, and it is to that I look in every prognostication of the future. Social rights are respected the moment a man shows his worthiness by character, ability and success. From the possession of political rights, a man gets means to clutch equal opportunities of education and a fair space to work. Give a man his vote, you give him tools to work and arms to protect himself. The ballot is the true standing ground of Archimedes, planted on which a man can move his world.

It seems to me that God has given this lesson for us to learn. In the fifteenth century Europe was taught nothing but nationality. Under the right hand of papacy the nations gathered themselves into separate tribes, each in his own place. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we come to the religious movement; and Luther's name and Calvin's mark both. In England, France and Germany the whole movement of the human mind was towards this truth, that there is nothing between the individual and his God. The eighteenth century finished another work. It said that all men are created free and equal. So said the French revolution, Citizens are equals. That point they gained. This generation has another work, which is to say, All races have equal rights. "God hath made of one blood all nations to serve Him on the face of the earth." That is the motto of this generation. It will take all our thirty years to learn it. I do not expect this nation can come out of its chrysalis state in less than a generation. We have to teach these Northern States to respect the negro, and until we do, there never will be peace. The South is not strong in herself. All her strength consists in our unwillingness to strike. Why this unwillingness to strike? Because we do not see John Hancock under a black skin; and until we do see him we shall never wage an honest and utter battle. No man who does not grant to the negro his just place is fit to be enlisted in the army of the Union, if that union means liberty; or if that is an exaggerated statement, certainly no man has a right to lead our army who does not carry that idea in his heart (applause).

The beautiful song to which we have just listened says, Give the negro his rights—he asks nothing more. Nothing more? He does not ask that. He does not begin to ask so much. There is not the wealth in the nation to give him his rights. The whole nation on its knees could not give him his rights. Take a pellet of homœopathic dimensions, dissolve it in the Atlantic Ocean, and you have more of its essence in any one drop than you have of real justice in all the demands the Abolitionists have made for the negro. We are not rich enough to give the negro his rights. For two hundred years he has redeemed twenty States from savagery and barbarism. Every house built upon its surface his labor constructed. Every dollar dug from the soil was got by the toil of the negro. "You paid my college bills," said the college graduate to his father's slave. Agriculture, cities, roads, factories, funded capital—all were made by and belong to the negro. Yet what does he say to his master? "Take thy wealth and welcome; only lift thy foot from off my neck. Give me my wife and children, and keep what my fathers have earned for two hundred years.' That is all he demands. And yet bigots and fools fear that if you grant this infinitessimal percentage the whole phantasmagoria of our civilization will dissolve. I hate the term justice to the negro. There is not wealth enough in all the North to compensate even this generation—much less the claim it has as heir to those which have gone before. We welcomed to our platform, in Boston, Thomas Sims, the symbol of Boston infamy—the man that Protestant Christianity got down on its knees and begged Savannah to accept. And yet on that same platform, the night before, Gen. Hamilton of Texas, speaking of Catholic, mongrel Mexico—one-third Indian, one-third Spanish, and the rest negro—said that the present Senators and Representatives of Texas acknowledged that they lost three slaves to Mexico, for the last ten years, to one which was lost to the North. And Union men said to them, "Why quarrel, then, with the North, and not with Mexico?" and they acknowledged that the pretense was gotten up to curb the North as representing Democracy. Gen. Hamilton went on to say: "For five dollars you can hire the Mexican to murder his next-door neighbor; but all the gold in the South-west would not hire him to return a fugitive slave. Would that Mexico might send her mongrel negroes to Boston to teach us Christianity."

It was a proud night when Sims came back to Boston, and prouder still the tale he told us; for it showed us how far one little candle throws its rays. When he left Boston there was a chain around our Court-House, and the Abolitionists were mobbed in the streets. When he got to Savannah, the Abolitionists said he would be whipped to death; and the Southerner, just to prove the Boston Abolitionist mistaken, concluded not to punish him at all. They sent him to be employed in building a Baptist institution. The workman said, "Are you that Boston boy?" "Yes." "Well, then, we don't want you." He went to Augusta, and they sent him away for the same reason. Then they placed him in New Orleans. Finding he could get no employ, they tried to sell him; and it became known that he was from Boston, and his price fell a thousand dollars. See what a Boston education is worth in the market of New Orleans! When the rebellion broke out, after waiting a few months, he gathered what information he could, and came to Gen. Grant's army. The General says that "for valuable information received, I grant him his freedom." He had always intended to get back to Boston, but little thought he should reach it the moment he crossed the river at Vicksburg. But we have carried Boston down to Vicksburg within a year, and we must carry liberty with it. It is not slaveholders we fight, but it is the system—that system for which the South undertakes to battle, to kill democracy and plant an institution of caste. That system is our enemy, no matter whether on the banks of the Ohio or on the banks of the Mississippi; and wherever the nation strikes it must strike slavery, not slaveholders, and not only slavery in the Gulf States, but slavery in Tennessee and Kentucky. We adjourn this meeting, if we must adjourn, with the conviction that what we ask of the nation will soon be accomplished. Courage, then, my friends. The President has only to speak, and the nation obeys him. It will take us some time to accomplish our work. A nation is not born in a day. Civilization is not matured in a twelvemonth. We shall not be educated in a moment. Men say, "Do you think the negro is educated enough?" All I know is, that he is better educated than we are, for he can bear us, and we, in strict truth, are a great deal more abominable to him than he can be to us. As I used to say in old anti-slavery times, so we may say now: if he can only bear the white man, the white man ought easily to bear him. He has borne his part in our great national convulsions much better than we have. How sagacious has he been! He sees the light under every cloud; the truth under apparent contradiction. Butler let sixty slaves, that had struggled with cane-knives in the streets of New Orleans, be murdered when they reached its pavements. But the black believes in Butler, for all that. At one time the rebels murdered in cold blood thirty negroes, and Col. Hoyt, with John Brown's soul above, went down and broke up seven guerilla camps, and took forty-one lives to answer it. For Hoyt's sake the negro believes in the Department of the South-west, in spite of its Major-Generals. Adjt.-Gen. Thomas finds nothing but friends wherever he goes in the Southwest. Stoneman and his men sat down for hours, while a slave woman gave him a meal and watched for him. She knew that her deliverer had come. What more beautiful emblem of the present than that boat stranded under the fire of the guerillas with one of our choicest sons on board, hid in the hollow, and the negro saying, "Some one must die to push this off; it may as well be I"; and as he lifted himself to give the impulse, five bullets entered his body, and the martyr went to his God and ours. So all over the land the negro lifts himself to the perilous post of duty and says, "Why should it not be I?" The basis of a firmer union will be laid in the mutual respect of the sections begotten of this struggle; and the place of the negro will be secured for him when every mother, whose son is at home alive, because negro courage occupies his place, and every man that loves the flag, and knows that it is safe because bathed in the blood of five hundred thousand sable defenders, will have no word of reproach then for the black race (cheers). I hope another year will not finish before we meet here, our abolitionism lost in the universal joy, to rejoice that there is no chain on the continent; that there is nothing in the heart of the American which recognizes the distinction of races; but like the sublime monuments of antiquity, record the triumph in which all tongues, all races and all creeds mingle their prayers and offerings to a common Liberty and a common God (enthusiastic cheers).

Another song was given by the Hutchinson Family, which called forth the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. The Hon. HENRY B. STANTON, yielding to the solicitations of those around him, made the concluding address.

Speech of Mr. Stanton.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I cannot dream of anything hardly that I was less likely to do this evening than to address you. In England, at the close of a plenteous and dainty feast, made up of many rich courses, they always furnish the guests, at the last moment, with a bit of very dry cheese and dry bread, thinking, as they say, that it helps digestion. I suppose that is the reason why I am introduced here to-night (laughter).

I have sundry reasons for not addressing you. You want to hear the Hutchinsons again, and so do I. It is late and you wish to go home, and so do I. Then, too, I am not a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, though my friend behind me (Mr. Garrison) will remember that some twenty years ago, when I was a member of the bar in the city of Boston, and we were holding an anti-Texas Convention in Faneuil Hall, and I happened to be one of the speakers, it was in the fullness of my heart that I said, though we in some regards differed with that illustrious citizen of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, yet I did not believe that posterity would find marble white enough on which to inscribe the name of William Lloyd Garrison (cheers). And from that time to this I have felt, in right of that prophecy, that I was a life member of the American Anti-Slavery Society (applause). But "the whirligig of time," which brings about its revenges, has induced me in some particulars to modify that prophecy. I do not know what posterity will find. I have never been there, and cannot say what posterity will be able to do. But this I know, that while I did say twenty years ago that posterity would not find marble white enough on which to inscribe the name of William Lloyd Garrison, I now feel assured that his contemporaries *will* find marble white enough on which to carve his name (applause). Though one reason why I did not wish to address you was, that I was not technically a member of your Society, yet I have another. I am a man of progress, and the American Anti-Slavery Society is getting out of date (laughter and applause). Why, Wendell Phillips, compared with his fellow-citizen, Benjamin F. Butler, is a Hunker, and William Lloyd Garrison, compared with my fellow-citizen, Daniel S. Dickinson, is a Conservative (laughter and applause). I cannot talk to people nor about things of the past. I have done discussing slavery. When the gun is aimed with mathematical precision at the target, I would as soon talk about taking aim as to talk about slavery. The gun is pointed at the heart of this rebellion, the core of which heart is slavery, and now do not let us talk about taking aim, but load and fire as fast as we can (applause).

Fellow-citizens, pardon me a few words more; and I speak with all solemnity. We are involved in a gigantic, a desperate struggle, and the only way out is the way through (hear, hear, and applause). I will not suggest a compromise of our national difficulties, merely because it would be wrong. I will not suggest a compromise, merely because heretofore every sectional difficulty has been adjusted to suit the South, while now they must be adjusted to please the North. But I have to tell you that peace cannot be attained by compromise in any form, because compromise cannot possibly bring peace. Suppose we attempt to adjust our present difficulties as we attempted to adjust those of the past. How, for instance, would peace fare in Congress? With Keitt and Prior, and their compeers, championing the one side, and Grow and Lovejoy, and their coadjutors, the other; they could not go through with the election of a Speaker without a revolution. I am placing the argument, you see, on the lowest possible ground; the ground of expediency. Look to the Senate Chamber under your reign of a compromise peace. Davis and Wade, Benjamin and Trumbull, Mason and Fessenden, Toombs and Phillips, for *he* may yet have to go as low as that (applause), are sitting face to face. Why, dirks would be drawn, and revolvers pointed, before they would have closed their first debate. So much for compromise. Now, as to another mode of settlement—a division of the Union. For a brief period after secession began, I encouraged the idea that we had been so long harrassed and cursed by those infamous wretches below the Potomac, that it was well they had withdrawn from the free North; and I was willing they should link themselves to the simi-barbarians of Central America, or the filibusters of Cuba, or to any people they might choose, so that we were rid of them. But reflection soon taught me that separation would not bring peace, but, on the contrary, that every mile of the dividing line, whether it ran between the free and the slave States, or along the magic parallel of 36 deg. 30 min., would blaze with war within a year from the hour it was traced (applause). Division would only intensify the motives and causes that have initiated the pending quarrel. We must remove them by drying up their source, if we would have peace. History warns us to beware of border quarrels. Look to England and Scotland before their union. Their border forays, which crimsoned their history, their romance, their poetry, for five centuries, would be but the stillness of the Sabbath day when compared with the tempest of fire and blood that would rage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, if North and South divide leaving the original causes of the conflict not only unsettled but intensified a thousand fold by this bitter war. I repeat, therefore, that the only way out is the way through (applause).

Still a word more. We are to have a long war. I do not know that we shall ever see the end of this horrible conflict, until we have thrown our last available man, and our last spare dollar into the controversy. For there is one thing certain: Jeff Davis and his compeers are in earnest—terribly in earnest. You have got (to use a street expression) "to wipe them out," and plant a new race in their stead, before you can have peace (applause—"That is so"). Fellow citizens, it is in this point of view that the contest magnifies. The war is to be relentless as well as protracted. There are to be more vacant chairs around our domestic altars—more weeds worn by sisters, mothers, brothers, fathers, before we reach the end. Can we go through? Yes! We have not yet touched the rim of our resources. As to our resources of men and material, they are abundant to carry us successfully through. Living as I do in Wall street, among bankers and brokers, I know there is no nerve so full of determination just now as the golden nerve. The fact is patent to the bulls and bears of the London Exchange, that, since Congress adjourned, the people of this country have subscribed seventy-five million dollars to their treasury to carry on this war; and this assures me that we shall go through (applause).

Another question begins to occupy my mind. It is not where we shall colonize the emancipated negroes, but where shall we send some fifty thousand white rebels? Before we can have solid peace, there must be an exodus of a portion of the Southern traitors. Hence, I am opposed to shutting the Texan door into Mexico. Leave it open, for we must be rid of one class of these felons. I am not a man of blood. Therefore I would tender to them expulsion rather than strangulation. Sir, there is hardly hemp enough in the West, or timber enough in the East, to hang all who would need to be hung if we are to look to the scaffold for a permanent peace. But the incorrigible rebels, down even to the third grade, must mount the gibbet or flee beyond the seas. I would give them the benefit of the latter alternative. They may seek repose under the shadow of the thrones of their friends Victoria or Napoleon, or, with the consent of the arch-fiend, they may hide in the bottomless pit and consort with devils, if they prefer—but they must not stay here—go somewhere they must (applause). In seeking peace, therefore, the highest considerations of morality, as well as the lowest dictates of expediency, demand that we continue this conflict, however long and bitter it may be, until the country rests upon a solid, permanent peace. Let us, then, register our vow in high heaven that this war shall not cease until from the oaken forests of the Northern lakes to the spice groves of the Mexican gulf, and from the iron-bound coasts of the Atlantic to the golden strand of the Pacific, there shall exist but one Republic, inhabited by one people, yielding to the sway of one Constitution, and displaying to the nations one flag, and until the sun as he rides over this wide domain shall neither rise upon a tyrant nor set upon a slave (loud applause).

The meeting was closed with the "John Brown Song," by the Hutchinsons, the audience joining in the chorus.

BUSINESS MEETINGS.

Tuesday Afternoon.

The Society assembled, in Business Meeting, at the Vestry of the Church of the Puritans, at 3 o'clock p.m., and the President, Mr. GARRISON, took the chair.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

On motion the following were chosen a Committee to Nominate Officers of the Society for the coming year: Edmund Quincy, of Massachusetts; Joseph Carpenter, of New York; Isaac Mendenhall, Abby Kimber, of Pennsylvania; Jennie K. Smith, of New York.

And the following a Committee of Business: J. Miller McKim, of Philadelphia; Thomas Garrett, of Delaware; Joseph Post, Giles B. Stebbins, Susan B. Anthony, of New York; Robert Purvis, of Pennsylvania; Aaron M. Powell, of New York.

The Treasurer's Report was taken from the table, and accepted, and directed to be printed. [Inserted last week.] The Resolutions presented at the morning session were read again by Mr. Garrison.

J. M. MCKIM inquired into the meaning of the anticipation that the next annual meeting might be the last.

Mr. GARRISON replied that it was the expression of a hope more than of an expectation on his part.

Mr. GARRISON spoke of the attitude maintained so nobly by the working people and middle classes of Great Britain in regard to the present contest of our government with the slaveholding rebels now arrayed in arms against it. He mentioned also with respect and thanks the name of John Bright and others, and especially of George Thompson.

HENRY C. WRIGHT inquired as to the Society's understanding of the proclamation of January 1st, 1863, and explained his own interpretation of it, as given in numerous lectures in Pennsylvania and New York; viz., that it was a total and final emancipation of every slave in those States and parts of States not expressly excepted by President Lincoln in the proclamation. To this interpretation the response of the meeting was hearty and unanimous.

Rev. GEORGE TRASK, of Massachusetts, opposed the idea of a dissolution of this Society.

Mr. MCKIM read the following letter to the meeting from EDWARD M. DAVIS of Philadelphia:

PHILADELPHIA, May 11th, 1863.

J. M. MCKIM—*Dear Friend:* I long to be at the Annual Meeting, but cannot. Should any resolutions be presented looking toward the disbanding of our Society, give my vote and protest against it.

Our war is against the *spirit* of slavery, and against slavery *because it is* WRONG. We therefore cannot accept the Proclamation as the *fulfilment*, only the *dawning*. We must not be deluded with the idea that all hostility to slavery that is manifested, is *real*, and of a kind that will stand, if the current should change. Very many are opposing it on the ground that, as a system, it is more extravagant than paid labor, and that it is interfering with *their* property and *their* rights. Let us help them to take the next step, and resolve to destroy it because it is *wrong;* because it is at war with the *rights of humanity*, and *therefore* CANNOT be economical and peaceful. Its *nature* is to be *wasteful* and *warlike;* that of Freedom economical and peaceful. Give my vote for an unceasing and uncompromising war against the assumption that man can be held as property, and my earnest wish that the meeting may be in a state of mind to realize the enormity of any such claim.

Very truly, E. M. DAVIS.

Messrs. MCKIM, WRIGHT, and F. DOUGLASS spoke in opposition to the intimation of a possible dissolution of this Society, at any time likely to come soon.

W. L. GARRISON spoke in explanation of the Society's position in regard to the Constitution and its pro-slavery compromises. He declared his belief that there was no constitutional slavery in the country; that slavery, as an institution, being the cause of the rebellion, having inaugurated the rebellion, had forfeited all claim to constitutional protection or legal existence.

EDMUND QUINCY, from the Committee on the Nomination of Officers, made a Report, as follows:

President.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Vice-Presidents.

PETER LIBBY,	Maine,	ROBERT PURVIS,	Pennsylvania,
LUTHER MELENDY, N. H.,		EDWARD M. DAVIS,	"
JOHN M. HAWKS,	"	THOMAS WHITSON,	"
JEHIEL C. CLAFLIN,	"	JOSEPH MOORE,	"
N. R. JOHNSTON,	Vermont,	ROWLAND JOHNSON,	N. J.
JAMES HUTCHINSON, Jr.,	"	ALFRED GIBBS CAMPBELL,	"
EDMUND QUINCY,	Massachusetts,	THOMAS GARRETT,	Delaware,
BOURNE SPOONER,	"	THOMAS DONALDSON,	Ohio,
ASA FAIRBANKS,	Rhode Island,	MARIUS R. ROBINSON,	"
JAMES B. WHITCOMB,	Connecticut,	WILLIAM HARRN,	Indiana,
SAMUEL J. MAY,	New York,	WILLIAM HOPKINS,	"
CORNELIUS BRAMHALL,	"	JOSEPH MERRITT,	Michigan,
AMY POST,	"	CYRUS FULLER,	"
PLINY SEXTON,	"	THOMAS CHANDLER,	"
LYDIA MOTT,	"	CARVER TOMLINSON,	Illinois,
HENRY A HARTT,	"	CALEB GREEN,	Minnesota,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	Pennsylvania,	GEORGIANA B. KIRBY,	California,
GEORGE W. BENSON,	Kansas.		

Corresponding Secretary.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, Plainfield, Ct.

Recording Secretary.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Boston.

Treasurer.

WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Boston.

Executive Committee.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,	SAMUEL MAY, JR.
EDMUND QUINCY,	WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,	CHARLES K WHIPPLE,
ANNA WARREN WESTON,	HENRY C. WRIGHT,
SYDNEY HOWARD GAY,	EDMUND JACKSON,
JOHN T. SARGENT.	

On motion, the Report was adopted, and the persons named elected by a unanimous vote.

AARON M. POWELL urged renewed and vigilant action by this Society. He thought our labors should be redoubled—that they were needed, and would be abundantly repaid in the good results which would attend such labors.

Mr. DOWNING, of Newport, R. I., thought the proclamation virtually admitted the constitutionality of slavery in certain States by allowing its continuance there.

Mr. SPEAR made inquiry as to the grounds upon which Abolitionists voted in the last elections.

The debate was continued by Dr. SNODGRASS, Mr. FERGUSON, F. DOUGLASS, and others.

Adjourned to 10 a.m. Wednesday.

Wednesday Morning.

The meeting was called to order at 10½ o'clock, by THOMAS GARRETT, of Delaware, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

G. B. STEBBINS, from the Business Committee, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That we rejoice in the assurance that the proclamation of President Lincoln, issued Jan. 1st, 1863, incomplete as it may be in extent, pledges the faith of this nation, the power of this government, and the majesty of law, to the liberty of more than three million slaves, who are therein declared *forever free;* and that any violation of that faith, or perversion of the clear letter and spirit of that law, under any possible circumstances, would be perfidy and meanness unparalleled, inevitably fruitful of shame and disaster.

In support of this resolution, and of the doctrine that the act of secession in South Carolina and other States was a forfeiture of their right to protection from the Constitution in regard to slavery or anything else, the Society was addressed by HENRY C. WRIGHT, and SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

On motion, Aaron M. Powell, Phebe H. Jones and Catherine F. Stebbins were appointed a Finance Committee.

A. M. POWELL, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That as, by the terms of the Constitution, it devolves upon Congress to provide for the common defense, and to promote the general welfare of the United States; that, believing, with John Quincy Adams, "from the instant the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, civil, servile or foreign, from that instant the war powers of Congress extend to interference with slavery in every way in which it can be interfered with, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power," and as war now exists, "that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and slavery among the rest," we hold it to be the imperative duty of the President to recommend, and of Congress to enact, that slavery shall be entirely abolished within the limits of Federal jurisdiction; that by act of rebellion the seceded States have forfeited all claim to governmental recognition, or protection *as States*, and that being again in the condition of unorganized territory, they shall be hereafter reorganized and readmitted as States into the Union only upon the basis of impartial freedom, with the proviso of eternal prohibition of slavery.

Resolved, That we urgently direct the attention of President Lincoln to the importance of immediate confiscation, as far and as fast as is practicable, of all rebel lands, and all other rebel property, and the preëmption of homesteads in the rebel territory for all freedmen and such as shall hereafter become free, for the brave, heroic soldiers of the Federal service, as their terms of enlistment expire, and for all truly loyal refugees from the South, who, risking everything for the Federal cause, have been driven into exile by the murderous, uplifted arm of slavery.

Resolved, That we hail with rejoicing, as among the important fruits of the proclamation of January 1st, the increasing Emancipation sentiment at the South, the growing disposition to reorganize local governments upon the basis of free labor, as evidenced by loyalists in Nashville, New Orleans, and elsewhere.

Resolved, That we welcome heartily, as coadjutors in our efforts for the overthrow of slavery, the many ministers and members of Churches, hitherto in the great struggle indifferent to the cause of the oppressed, and now zealously advocating emancipation, but that the revival in the ministry and membership of the leading denominations needs yet to be intensified until no apologist for slavery, no treasonable "Copperhead" politicians, no recreant and impious Dr. Lords shall be shielded by the forms of Christian fellowship from the just and merited rebukes of true patriots and Christians.

J. M. MCKIM, Chairman of the Business Committee, reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That in accordance with usage and from reasons of obvious fitness, it is proper that the completion of another decade of the Society's existence should be marked by a special public meeting devoted to a general review and survey of the cause, and that therefore this Society, when it adjourns on this occasion, will adjourn to meet in the city of Philadelphia on the 3d day of December next, then and there to celebrate in an appropriate manner the thirtieth—and we would fain hope the final—anniversary of its formation.

The question of finance and the use of the needed funds came up, and was spoken to by Messrs. GARRISON, MAY, JOHNSON, and MCKIM.

O. JOHNSON, in his remarks, spoke of a plan of circulating THE STANDARD in the army.

J. M. MCKIM urged the proposed plan of holding the third Decade Meeting at Philadelphia in December next. He hoped that, at that time, this Society would be able to indicate some definite period for the extinction of slavery. There is anti-slavery progress in the people, and he had felt it his duty to join a National Union League, a Society with an anti-slavery provision in its Constitution, which justified his connection therewith so long as it is faithfullly supported.

Mr. GARRISON replied with a statement of difficulties in the way of identifying ourselves with the government or its support, yet he felt for himself that he could consistently give it his support, if his anti-slavery objections were his only objections.

G. B. STEBBINS, of Rochester, N. Y., gave an interesting account of the state of things in the North-western States, and of the progress of anti-slavery principles there.

The PRESIDENT read the following letter from Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, N. Y., which it was voted to print with the proceedings:

SYRACUSE, May 11, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Again must I be disappointed of the pleasure of attending the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which will be thirty years old next December, and with which I have been connected since its birth. Domestic and, still more, parochial duties will detain me here. I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you, and still more the principal reason why I cannot leave Syracuse this week. Quite a number of the young men of my Church were in the late sanguinary battles near Fredericksburg. Some of them have been wounded. Two very severely. Several of them are among the missing. Whether they were killed, or were taken prisoners, we know not. And I am unwilling to leave their anxious friends while this dreadful uncertainty hangs over their fate. One of them in particular was "the strong staff" of his widowed mother, and "the beautiful rod" in the eyes of "all about him." It is horrible to think of him as a ghastly corpse among the masses of the slain, or, worse still, maimed and helpless amongst the dead, left by his retreating comrades, with no one to help him staunch his wound, or get him water to slake the burning thirst which excitement and the loss of blood is said to cause.

How cruel, how inhuman is war! Everything that you and I have ever alleged against the custom will be abundantly justified by what has been done and suffered in our country, within the past two years.

And, oh, how easily might this fratricidal, parricidal, suicidal war have been averted, if the professors of Christianity in our country had been real Christians. Thirty years ago there was moral, ecclesiastical, religious power enough in the land to abolish slavery by *peaceful means*. But the men and women, who wielded that power, would not be persuaded to exert it in the right direction. They spurned, persecuted, killed those who exhorted them to do their duty; and wasted their strength, some of them upon abortive efforts to remove the *slaves* instead of *slavery* from the country; and others upon the still more hopeless task of proving that slavery is not hateful in the sight of God and his Christ; but that it is justified by the inspired writers both of the Old and of the New Testament.

So now we are suffering the most awful calamity that can befal a nation; just as the apostles of Abolition, for the last thirty years, have been prophesying, and as Jefferson and Sir George Tucker, and other seers and sages of the Revolution foretold we would.

We are in the midst of a civil war, and nothing is left for us to do but to fight on, at any expense of treasure and of life, until slavery—the cause of the war—is abolished. It is a miserable, wicked way to do it; but it is the way we have chosen, and we must travel it to the end. We have lost our hold upon the slaveholders as fellow-Christians, or fellow-citizens even; and now we must put them down, utterly down, as wicked rebels against God, and against the best form of civil government God has ever helped men to devise and to establish on earth.

No concession that we could make would satisfy "the Barons of the South," unless we should concede to them permission to introduce slavery into any or all of the States of our Union, and reopen the African slave trade.

Separation would not end the strife; for the slaveholding States would be just as near to the non-slaveholding as they now are; the sentiments of each would be just as hostile to those of the other as they are now; and the North Star would be no further off.

No, my friend, shocking as the thought is, we are *left to fight* until slavery shall be abolished. And the conflict will be prolonged until the people of the loyal States have been sufficiently punished for their wicked participation in the great iniquity of the rebel States—that is, punished until they shall truly repent themselves of the sin of slavery, and of their cruel prejudice against the colored children of the Heavenly Father—until they shall cordially and gratefully receive the assistance of these despised members of our body politic in putting down this rebellion; and in good faith insure them a full participation in all the rights and privileges of freemen, on the same conditions that these are accorded to white citizens.

The grand doctrine of the Declaration of Independence is not a "mere rhetorical flourish," "a glittering generality." It is a gospel truth; an eternal principle of the righteousness of God; and we are required, in the providence of Him who ruleth over all, to conduct a civil government *based upon that principle*. We cannot throw off or evade the obligation. And all the elements are gathered within our borders for the fairest experiment. We have not a homogeneous but a heterogeneous population; not a people of one of the varieties of the human species, but of all the varieties—peoples of every kindred, every language, every clime, every complexion. And here let me say, those of African descent will not be found the most discordant element we have got to work up into a harmonious self-governing Republic. But the least tractable are still human beings, children of the Heavenly Father, and therefore have an "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The rights of citizens are conventional, to be agreed upon. But what they should be is scarcely less evident than are the rights of Humanity. All men and *all women* who have come to years of discretion, have a right to participate directly or indirectly in the enactment and administration of the laws to which they are amenable. But all rights are conditional. It is equally obvious, that no women nor men can have any right to meddle with what they know nothing about, certainly not to put their hands to the *ark* of our political existence, if they know not what it contains, how it is to be upheld, nor whither it is to be borne. Therefore no one should be admitted to the exercise of all the prerogatives of a citizen of this State, or of this Republic, who has not a good knowledge of the Constitutions of the State and the Republic. Let the conditions on which the elective franchise shall be granted to anyone be placed where common sense obviously required they should be placed, and then admit all, men and women, natives and foreigners, colored as well as white, to the exercise of that prerogative when they shall have come up to such conditions. "To this complexion must our country come at last."

I am now particularly anxious that the public sentiment of our country should be raised to demand, for those who have been held as slaves, the right to the lands, which they so long have tilled without compensation, and watered with their sweat, their tears, and their blood. The plantations of the South are their homes. To them they are strongly attached. They know better than their masters, certainly better than any strangers, how to cultivate them, and raise from them the productions to which they are best adapted. Let us then insist, that the confiscated estates of the rebels shall be divided, in suitable portions, amongst the inhabitants of those estates; and, if there be more lands than these need, let them be sold at government prices to such persons, black or white, as may be disposed to settle with them on friendly terms. The reports which we have of the industry, skill and rapid improvement of the freed men, women and children at Port Royal and the other sea islands of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, justify and elevate our highest hopes of this much abused variety of the American people.

And here let me say, in conclusion of my hasty and too long letter, that I earnestly hope our Anti-Slavery Society will, at this Annual Meeting, make cordial, grateful mention of the "National Freedman's Relief Association"; and advise the most hearty coöperation with it and kindred societies. For, so soon as slavery is abolished, all, who have labored to that effect (so devoutly to be wished), are in duty bound to do all they may to make the great change in the relations of the different varieties of people in the rebel States to each other as immediate and as great a blessing to all as we have confidently predicted it would be. Yours most truly, SAMUEL J. MAY.

Mr. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Pres. Am. A. S. Soc.

The series of resolutions read at the public meeting on Tuesday morning were then unanimously adopted. [See last week's paper.]

The resolution reported by Mr. STEBBINS was then adopted unanimously.

The four resolutions reported by A. M. POWELL were adopted.

The resolution in relation to the celebration of the Society's 30th Anniversary was then adopted, after a few very interesting remarks from Mr. GARRISON touching the small material and pecuniary influence and support which the Society has had during the whole thirty years' war with slavery. "Not by might, not by power"—not by the help of many rich or mighty—but by the truth and spirit of God himself has the work been done. God and His government and laws have been magnified by every success of the anti-slavery cause, and His is the glory of all.

Mr. A. H. LOVE paid an eloquent tribute to the high moral principle which had ever guided and controlled this Society's action, and hoped its useful and indispensable services would be continued long.

Voted, That the proceeds of Mr. Phillips's lecture on Monday evening last, when received into the treasury, be devoted to the gratuitous distribution of THE STANDARD in the army.

Mr. Prince, of Connecticut, G. T. Downing, A. M. Powell, G. B. Stebbins, Mrs. Mary Ann Johnson, W. C. Nell, Joseph Carpenter and others addressed the meeting. The discussion related chiefly to the future duty and work of the Society.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That while the spirit and conduct of the governing classes in England, since the breaking out of "The Slaveholders' Rebellion" until now, have been manifestly in sympathy with that rebellion—conniving at the building and equipping, in their own ports, of piratical vessels to sweep American commerce from the ocean, in the rebel service, and in other ways evincing a purpose, so far as it dares, to provoke a war with this government, and give victory to the traitors who are seeking its destruction—we deem it due to the laboring classes of England in special, and to the people of that country in general, to express our heartfelt satisfaction and thankfulness in view of the very pregnant fact, that in every part of the kingdom, in public meetings assembled, they have enthusiastically responded to the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, and expressed their warmest sympathy with the loyal North and their strongest abhorrence of the rebellion, its cause, and its objects; and we trust they will be able to exert such a moral influence upon their government as to compel it to keep international faith and amity, and thus avert a conflict, the sufferings and horrors of which must be immeasurable.

Resolved, That as the friends of liberty, of free institutions, and of universal Emancipation, this Society tenders its grateful acknowledgments to such noble Englishmen as John Bright, Richard Cobden, Wm. E. Forster, George Thompson, J. Stuart Mill, Professor Newman, Professor Cairnes, Rev. Newman Hall, Gen. Perronet Thompson, and others, for their intelligent, discriminating, and powerful advocacy of the cause of American Republicanism as against the ruthless secessionists of the South; and especially to GEORGE THOMPSON, whose labors to serve our country, ever since the rebellion broke out, have been most indefatigable, disinterested, and efficient, in every part of the kingdom; and we trust it may be his blessed privilege and joy to see our country delivered from its great iniquity, and to join with us in celebrating the most glorious jubilee earth has ever witnessed.

These resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The Society then adjourned, to meet in Philadelphia Dec. 3d.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Secretary *pro tem.*

DONATIONS

To American Anti-Slavery Society, May 13, 1861.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society,	$250 00
Gerrit Smith, Peterboro,	100 00
Wm. Gibbons Hopper, New York,	25 00
Thomas Garrett, Wilmington, Del.,	10 00
Phebe H. Jones, Albany,	1 00
Samuel May, Jr.,	5 00
Sarah H. Marshall, New York,	1 00
Sarah H. Schram, Poughkeepsie,	80
C. Prince, New London, Ct.,	1 00
M. H. P.,	1 00
Oliver Johnson,	2 00
Perley King, Danvers, Mass.,	1 00
Hannah Cox, Longwood, Pa.,	2 00
A Wilder, New York,	1 00
Martha C. Wright, Auburn,	1 00
A friend,	75
Mr. Wilder,	50
George T. Downing, New York,	1 00
A friend,	25
"	50
"	50
"	25
Amy Post, Rochester,	1 00
Margaret C. Pune,	25
Hannah J. Pune,	25
Joseph Carpenter,	6 00
Margaret Carpenter,	1 00
Mary Beale,	1 00
J. E. S. Jones,	30
Wm. Howland, Sherwood,	1 00
Dr. Hamilton, Rochester,	2 00
Mrs. De La Vergne,	50
A friend,	50
S. A. Fairweather,	1 00
John S. Jenkins,	50
Martha Harvey,	25
Mrs. Underhill,	50
Anna Shoemaker,	2 00
Martha Shoemaker,	1 00
Ann R. Bramhall,	10 00
Margaret Jones,	1 00
A. M. Powell,	1 00
Alfred H. Love, Philadelphia,	1 00
Isaac Mendenhall, Kennett, Pa.,	5 00
A. Kimber, Philadelphia,	1 00
A friend,	1 00
Kate M. Post,	1 00
Elizabeth R. Post,	1 00
Collection at Church of the Puritans,	76 20

PLEDGES.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison,	10 00
Samuel May, Jr.,	25 00
J. M. McKim,	10 00
Jennie K. Smith, New York,	2 00
C. Prince, New London, Ct.,	5 00
Joseph and Mary Post,	40 00
Theodore T. Ovington,	25 00
John T. Sargeant,	5 00

COLONIZATION IN HONDURAS.—Mr. Hodges, an American resident for many years in Honduras, has been in Washington lately, conferring with the government respecting the colonization of our freedmen in that country. The President and the Secretaries of State and of the Interior are understood to be anxious that measures should be adopted to carry out this plan. Other members of the Cabinet, however, think the present an inopportune moment to initiate schemes of colonization, believing that the freedmen can be made useful in suppressing the present rebellion by entering the military or naval service. The probabilities now are that nothing will be done in the matter at present, and that Mr. Hodges will return to his government without having accomplished his mission.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S LECTURE, delivered before the Sixteenth Ward Republican Association of this city, at the Cooper Institute,

tionists was to demand the restitution of the rights of the black man; they found themselves, as a necessary incident of this work, the defenders of the endangered rights of the white man. They pointed out the oligarchical essence of the slave system and its natural and inevitable encroachments upon Civil Liberty everywhere in the land, if it were permitted to exist and expand itself. For many years they were as a Voice crying in the Wilderness, with few to hear and fewer yet to regard them. The many refused to see the dangers that threatened to change the whole character of their institutions and to make the whole nation the serfs of a handful of slaveholders. They rushed blindly upon those that warned them of their danger, and seemed to think that to silence their friends was to escape from their enemies. Even up to the last Presidential Election the Abolitionists were the only men that stood forth as the uncompromising champions of the rights of their own race, as well as of the slaves. The political parties which had grown out of their agitation, as its natural result, as parties, were careful to demand as little as possible, for the sake of their weaker brethren, and to seem as nearly like the old parties they would displace as they could and yet exist at all. There was nothing in the professed purposes of the Republican party—nothing, probably, in its intentions as a party—that should logically provoke the rebellion which its success, engineered by the rebels themselves, occasioned. It was because those acute and observant men saw that it was impossible that the political agitation, growing out of our moral agitation, should be stayed just at tide-mark drawn by the Chicago Convention. They knew, what the Republican party, generally, would not admit, that it was the child of Abolitionism and could not be hindered from growing up more and more into the likeness of its parent. It is very likely that they only meant to crush parent and child together and build up a new and more impregnable tyranny over their mangled remains. But, whether thus or not, it was the perils of Abolitionism that drove them to their desperate remedy — whether meant as Revolution or only a *Coup d' Etat*.

And the remedy did not look so very desperate, at the time, even to those who had been the most earnest watchers of the times. They had seen Texas annexed, the Mexican war waged for soil designed for the uses of slavery, the Fugitive Slave law passed, the Kansas invasion sustained by the government of Pierce and Buchanan, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise carried, and all without dangerous resistance from the Northern people. They knew that they had the Judiciary on their side, that Law was wrested and juries packed by Marshals and Judges in their interest, they believed that they could control the army and navy, and they were sure of the mob. The most intelligent observers trembled for the result. They feared that with all these allies the slaveholders might command such a change of the Constitution as should make slavery as sacred from tongue or pen, North as South of the Potomac, by positive National legislation, and actually, as well as virtually, make the whole Nation rest on the corner-stone of slavery. The audacity of their attempt, perhaps, alone hindered their success by provoking an answerable resentment. Happily, every day that the rebellion has endured has made it more and more unlikely that a disgraceful compromise can end it. It is the Ideas and Principles which it has been the business of the Abolitionists to diffuse and keep alive from which that righteous resentment sprung and has been kept alive. It is from the mad endeavors of pro-slavery partisans to put the rebellion down upon any other basis than the one furnished by those Ideas and Principles, that most of our disasters and disappointments have sprung. By degrees the Nation has been accepting them and acting upon them. Our authorities are doing at last what we have told them from the first was their only deliverance. If they persevere, as we believe they now must and will, the unity of the Nation, and with it the possession of those civil rights which alone make it worth having, will be secured forever. And until this is done the task of the Abolitionists will not be finished. Their voices can only be drowned in the hallelujahs which will accompany universal Emancipation, and their organizations dissolve themselves only in the dissolution of slavery.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society fulfilled, we believe, the best anticipations of its friends. The audiences that gathered in the Church of the Puritans and at the Cooper Institute were large, intelligent, and enthusiastic for the cause; the speaking was suited to the hour, earnest, eloquent, inspiring; while the action of the Society evinced the gratitude of its members for past successes, as well as their united purpose never to give up the conflict until liberty is proclaimed "throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." The spirit of the meetings was indeed of the highest order, the friends of the cause seeing eye to eye, and being animated by a common purpose.

We have no space for extended remarks, but must content ourselves with referring the reader to the report of the proceedings in other columns.

The Society, it will be observed, did not, as usual, adjourn without day, but to meet again in Philadelphia, on the 3d of December next, to celebrate the Thirtieth Anniversary of its formation.

PERSONAL.

The traitor Vallandigham, having been found guilty by a Court Martial, will, it is said, be sent South, to enjoy the society of his friends.

Brig.-Gen. David Birney, son of the late James G. Birney, is about to be promoted, it is said, to a Major-Generalship.

Bayard Taylor has been removed from the post of Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, in accordance, we presume, with the desire of the new Minister, Cassius M. Clay, who wished the place for one of his own special friends.

Mr. Tilton's admirable speech before the American Anti Slavery Society, reported in full on the first page, has brought upon his head a storm of malignant denunciation from the Copperhead press. The speech will, we understand, be printed in pamphlet form.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Senator Pomeroy, with a number of other invited guests, including the "Hutchinsons," visited Fort Schuyler on Monday. The "Hutchinsons" sung, Mr. Beecher talked, the soldiers cheered, and all concerned enjoyed themselves.

There is reason to believe, says the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, that the findings of the Court are such as to show that the President had ample reason for removing Buell from the command of the Department of the Cumberland, and that the government only erred in postponing his removal so long.

Henry Ward Beecher will sail for Europe in the steamship City of Baltimore on the 30th inst. During the months of June and September, the pulpit of Plymouth Church will be occupied by Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, while July and August will be, as usual, given up to younger and less practiced teachers. Mr. Beecher will, we understand, occasionally write to *The Independent*, of which he resigns, during his absence, the editorial charge—the paper being left in the management of Rev. Dr. Joshua Leavitt, Mr. T. Tilton and Mr. Frederick Perkins.

The Paris correspondent of a London paper says:

"A young lady presented herself at the Sorbonne a few days since to pass her examination for the degree of Bachelor of Science. The Rector of the Academy of Lyons established the principle two years since of admitting women to take the degree of bachelor of letters and of sciences. An examination at the Sorbonne is the more trying as there is not a woman present at the assembly. Mademoiselle Emma Chenu passed a brilliant examination. Her agitation was extreme, but she was supported and encouraged by the demeanor of the collegians present. The announcement of her admission among the new bachelors was hailed by a burst of applause from the entire assembly. M. Milne Edwards personally congratulated Mademoiselle Chenu on her success."

LOYAL WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

The Convention of Loyal Women, called "on behalf of the Women's Central Committee," assembled in this city, in the Church of the Puritans, on Thursday, May 14, at 10 o'clock, a.m. In spite of the rain, there was a large assembly of women; men also were present, in considerable force, to witness the proceedings.

Miss Susan B. Anthony opened the proceedings by reading the call, after which the Convention was organized as follows:

President—Lucy Stone.

Vice Presidents—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, New York; Miss Fannie W. Willard, N. J., and Angelina G. Weld.

Secretaries—Martha C. Wright of Auburn, and Lucy N. Colman of Rochester.

Business Committee—Susan B. Anthony, A. L. Brown Blackwell, Ernestine L. Rose, Amy Post, Annie W. Mumford.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton delivered an able address, in which she grappled with the rebellion and its cause, and sought to inspire her country women to noble efforts in behalf of the great cause of Republican liberty. She said it was proposed to form a League of those whose patriotism was not summed up in the motto, "Our country, right or wrong," but of those who were ever loyal to principle, to God, to Freedom, and our country. They were assembled to exalt and sustain the great principles for which the army was bleeding and dying. To woman belonged the moral and religious sphere of action. Hence her post with the white flag of purity and truth was in the van. The women of this country, demanding freedom for all, must clear the confused, conflicting counsels of the Capital. The nation floundering in diplomacy, must be brought back to the right path by these new teachers. Women have something more to do in times like these than to stand by as idle spectators. It is for them to watch the sick and dying in camp and hospital; at home to study the art of finance and economy. The time may not be far distant when many of us may be obliged by our own energies to supply our own necessities. The question would be, not woman's sphere, but woman's bread. The wrecks of the war have to lean on woman for the comforts, the very means of life, and God has given them the care of those great men who in the future may have to strike great blows for liberty. She spoke of what Southern women had done to keep the rebellion alive, and asked if they had done so much to maintain their barbarous institutions, what ought not the women of the North do to maintain the best government on earth. She eulogized the government and the influence of the institutions of the country, showing how, in the case of foreigners, their advantages were specially apparent. To those who were struggling up in the world it was an example of encouragement to see a rail-splitter occupying the White House. Would that that rail-splitter had as much skill in cutting down rebels as he is said to have had in cutting down trees. The North had been unable to reach the Southern mind. The mass of the population in the South could not read and write. The South had chosen to meet the North on other ground, and the North had to accept that choice. We must fight it out now. The Northern neck would never bow again to slavery. When we have finally conquered we must colonize the South, teach them the industrial arts, destroy their alligators and rattlesnakes, bridge their ditches and drain their swamps, for which duties McClellan's services may once more come into requisition. The chivalry with a body-guard of Copperheads to take care of them, we can colonize in Africa, where they may civilize and Christianize the natives (applause). Mrs. Stanton indignantly denounced Northern men with Southern principles—women who did not know where to stand in this struggle, and women who sympathize with the rebels. What a mean type of manhood, she said, must these last reflect. She declared that the South had, up to the commencement of the rebellion, managed to mould and govern public opinion, and intimated that for their success in this, the mothers of Northern men were to some extent responsible. It was the mission of women of the nineteenth century to mould opinion; but to do this, women must have more elevated ideas and aspirations. Mrs. Stanton was warmly applauded throughout.

Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld was the next speaker. Her appearance awakened thrilling memories of the time when her eloquent appeals for the slave stirred the hearts of great assemblies, and moved the Legislature of Massachusetts to noble action for liberty. Time has whitened her head, but her voice rang out in the same silvery tones that charmed us twenty-five years ago, while the solemn earnestness of her manner made a deep impression upon the assembly. *The Times* gives us this sketch of her address:

"She gave a forcible delineation of slavery at the South, and how it had led its adherents to this great treason against the Union. It was not the Republicans, nor the election of Lincoln, but slavery itself, that had arrayed one division of the country against the other. Slavery at the South had become a part of their religion as well as of the social system. School-books had been carefully expurgated for the Southern market by our Northern booksellers; and they would have even given an expurgated edition of the Bible, but that teachers had been provided to explain away its precepts of justice, professors in our Northern colleges where Southern and Northern students were educated together, statesmen and doctors of divinity. She was a native of South Carolina. She had a brother once, who would, if he had lived, have stood side by side with the lamented Pettigru. In the time of nullification he was a member of the Senate of South Carolina, and delivered in that body an unanswerable speech against the right of secession, demonstrating that when South Carolina had accepted the Federal Constitution she had accepted the American Union irrevocably. She had herself for years attempted to show her friends the guilt of slaveholding, but never did so but they became angry. They had for a time eased their conscience by supposing that abolition would not occur in their time; but the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society had given the alarm. Since that slavery had been incorporated into their religion and taught to their children, so that now everybody South believed that the cause of slavery was the cause of God. Here at the North they did not believe so well of liberty. For slavery the war was made and maintained. She would protest against the recommendation of Mrs. Stanton, to colonize slaveholders and copperheads in Liberia. The soil of that republic had never been trodden by a slave. Even the slaveholders of the native tribes had never been able to reclaim their fugitives who had escaped to that country. Besides, the inhabitants were educated—better educated than the average of white men. A gentleman who had been entertained by her family, a graduate of Oxford, on going to Liberia, found that in political economy and history the citizens of that country were better informed than himself. President Benson, though a slave seven years prior to his election, was one of the ablest rulers in the world. No, she would not inflict upon the people of Liberia the company of Southern aristocrats and Northern copperheads; the place for them was England, the country that had always most sympathy for slavery and treason. It was proper to send them to a land that permitted the fitting out of vessels to prey on our commerce, and in every way gave aid and encouragement to this most wicked of all rebellions. She was glad from her inmost heart that the Union of two years ago had fallen, and could never be reëstablished."

Lucy Stone thought it would be very wrong to send our Copperheads among the working people of England, who were substantially on the side of the North (applause). Send them to London to make part of the editorial staff of the London *Times* (laughter and applause).

Miss Anthony, on behalf of the Business Committee, presented the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the present war between slavery and freedom is but one phase of the irrepressible conflict between the aristocratic doctrine that power, not humanity, is statute-maker, and the Democratic principle that self-government is the inalienable right of the people.

2. Resolved, That we heartily approve that part of the President's proclamation which decrees freedom to the slaves of rebel masters, and we earnestly urge him to devise measures for emancipating all the slaves throughout the country.

3. Resolved, That the national faith to the freedman must be redeemed, and the integrity of the government in making it vindicated, at whatever cost.

4. Resolved, That while we welcome to legal freedom the recent slaves, we solemnly remonstrate against all State or National legislation which may exclude them from any locality, or debar them from any rights or privileges as free and equal citizens of a common Republic.

5. Resolved, That it is in the same class-favoring, aristocratic interests, that the property, the liberty, and the lives of all slaves, all citizens of African descent, and all women are placed at the mercy of a legislation in which they are not represented. There never can be a true peace in this Republic until the civil and political equality of every subject of the government shall be practically established.

6. Resolved, That if Northern women lack enthusiasm in this war, it is because they have not seen its real nature and purport. If the wife or mother cheerfully lays her loved ones on the altar, she must be impelled to it by a living faith in the justice of her cause.

7. Resolved, That the women of the Revolution were not wanting in heroism and self-sacrifice, and we, their daughters, are ready in this war to pledge our time, our means, our talents, and our lives, if need be, to secure the final and complete consecration to freedom.

After the reading of the resolutions, the Hutchinson Family sung their famous "Contraband" song—the song for singing which they were turned by McClellan out of the lines of his army.

The resolutions were then considered, and after remarks by several speakers, they were unanimously adopted—all except the fifth, which was strenuously objected to by Mrs. Hoyt of Wisconsin and others as unfairly committing the Convention to the doctrine known as "Women's Rights." The resolution was adopted, however, not without a strong negative vote.

After another song by the Hutchinson Family, the Convention adjourned to meet again in the evening, at the Cooper Institute.

The evening meeting was addressed, in a very able manner, by Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell and Ernestine L. Rose. We regret that we have no space for a report of their remarks.

Miss Anthony, on the same occasion, read an Address to the President, prepared for adoption by the Convention.

Two business meetings were held in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans; the first on Thursday, the second on Friday afternoon. The result was the organization of a "Woman's National Loyal League," on the basis of the following pledge:

We, women of the Republic, assembled in New York, this 14th day of May, hereby pledge ourselves loyal to justice and humanity; and to the government, so far as it makes the war for freedom.

The work of the League is to "educate the nation into the idea of a true, Christian Republic." It adopted addresses to the President, the soldiers, and the women, which, together with the report of the meeting, it proposes to publish and circulate among the people at home, the soldiers in the field, and the freedmen in the South and West.

To do this requires money. Women of the city who wish to join or aid the League are invited to sign the pledge and make their contributions, at Room No. 20 Cooper Institute, which will be open from this date on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of every week, from 10 o'clock a.m. to 4 o'clock p.m.

Women at a distance may send their names and contributions by letter to Susan B. Anthony, Secretary Woman's National Loyal League, No. 20 Cooper Union, New York.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, May 17, 1863.

All the stories which have filled the Northern newspapers of an immediate advance of our armies upon Richmond, and of the practical supersedure of Gen. Hooker by Gen. Halleck (hatched in the editorial rooms of New York and Philadelphia newspapers) are entirely false. There never was an intention of making an immediate movement upon Richmond; Hooker never could have seriously thought, after his retreat from Chancellorsville, of crossing the Rappahannock again and offering battle to a victorious enemy before his own troops had partially recovered from the reverse they had suffered. The wild statements about Gen. Halleck were got up in New York, and were never credited here. They were not sent from here by any of the correspondents. There is sufficient cause for the general belief at the North that Gen. Hooker was about to take the offensive—the government encouraged this belief, though it knew it to be wrong, just as it winked at the delusions about the capture of Richmond. It should be borne in mind, when the people read in the newspapers about the unreliable stories circulated by the newspaper correspondents, that nearly every one of the falsehoods told since Gen. Hooker turned his back upon his foe and recrossed the Rappahannock were put forth *not* by Washington or army correspondents, but by Northern editors, giving the insane reports of stray travellers. The military Censor looked quietly on and refused to interfere, or permit any newspaper correspondent do it. His perfect indifference was amusing. "If the people choose to believe lies," his looks said, "why, let them!" I like the suggestion of a New England journal, however, that if the government must have a Censor to suppress the truth, let it also appoint one to suppress the lies which are sent off from here! Gen. Halleck never had an idea of going into the field. He could not neglect the work he is engaged in for such a purpose, for you must know that according to common report the General employs his leisure in translating a well-known French military work into English!

There has been a good deal of talk about the Vallandigham case here for several days. Perhaps it is now fully decided, but it was not yesterday, I am certain. Mr. Seward, I hear, is entirely opposed to the detention of Vallandigham. It is very much like Mr. Seward. He is timid, and quite frequently rightly so, in such matters. If the man is to be given up, however, it was a great blunder to arrest him. If he is let loose, the Copperheads will feel that they have defied the government. I think there can be no doubt that Gen. Burnside committed a blunder in paying any attention to his stump speeches. He should have been indicted and tried in the courts. That is the better way in a free State. For one I am not going to desert the cause of free speech and good government. Let men like Vallandigham be punished in and by the courts. If anybody gets down where there are no courts, on the border, where the war rages, let the military power govern him, but it is not quite time yet to let Gen. Burnside direct the newspapers and the politicians of Ohio. If he may do so, the next step will be for Gen. Wool to suppress the newspapers of New York. It is not many weeks since I heard a prominent official say that he would like to see the government suppress every journal in New York till the war is over. There have been times when Mr. Stanton came very near to holding this opinion. Now, it is well known that Gen. Halleck owes no love to the daily newspapers of the city of New York. Some of them have been taking liberties with him of late. What if he were to turn sharply round and suppress them all? Those who justify the *military* arrest of Vallandigham for making excited stump speeches could not deny to Gen. Halleck the right to suppress every newspaper in the country, through his subordinates. Gen. Burnside is the sole judge (according to this military theory), and, of course, Gen. Wool would be the only judge in New York. Let us not admit too much against our own liberties in this terrible attempt to suppress the pro-slavery revolution.

In a previous letter I alluded to the case of Dr. Augusta, the colored army surgeon who was so brutally mobbed in Baltimore, and I somewhat blamed the government for what seemed to me an indisposition to stand firmly by the colored surgeon. He has just addressed a letter to one of our city journals, in which he recites the facts which make a much better case for the government than one would infer to be true after reading the Baltimore papers. After giving a circumstantial account of the attack upon him in the cars, the surgeon says:

"I therefore went up to the Provost Marshal's office with one of the guard, and reported the facts to Lieut.-Col. Fish, the Provost Marshal. He examined my commission, and finding it was all right, said he did not care who it was, so he was a United States officer, and claimed his protection, he should have it to the fullest extent. He then deputed Lieut. Morris to accompany me to the depot and arrest the parties. The Lieutenant told me I was as much authorized, as an officer, to arrest them as he was; and that I had better go ahead of him and the guard, fearing that if the parties saw them they would get out of the way. He directed me, at the same time, that when I saw any one of the parties to go up to him and place my hand upon his shoulder and claim him as my prisoner, and he would be on hand to take him in charge. I knew this was an extraordinary step for me to take in Baltimore, but I told him I would do it. I accordingly went down to the depot, and when near it I recognized one of the parties crossing the street; I went up to him, and, while accusing him of taking off my straps, put my hand upon his shoulder and claimed him as my prisoner. I then ordered the guard to take him into custody, which he did. I then hunted around the depot for the boy, but could not find him. The Lieutenant having come up by this time, we started for the Provost-Marshal's office, and when opposite Marsh market, on Baltimore street, Lieut. Morris, the guard and the prisoner, being on the opposite side of the street, a man, whom I learned afterwards to be named Hancock, emerged from the market and assaulted me. I called the guard across and had him taken into custody. We then proceeded to the office unmolested, where I remained until about half past twelve o'clock, when Lieut. Morris told me it was time to start for the depot, to take the one o'clock train. I got ready and we proceeded together, and every step we took after leaving the office, the crowd which was standing around the door increased. No one, however, interfered with me until we arrived at the corner of Pratt and President streets, when a man, whose name I since learned to be Dunn, was standing in our way, and as soon as I reached him he dealt me a severe blow in the face, which stunned me for a moment and caused the blood to flow from my nose very freely. In an instant Lieut. Morris seized him by the collar and held him fast; and I not knowing that there was anyone else in the crowd to protect me, made for the first door I saw open. When I reached it, a woman was standing there and pushed me back to prevent me from entering. In the meantime I looked back and saw a person with my cap and a revolver in his hand. He told me to stand still, that I was protected. I came down the steps, and proceeded between two guards with revolvers drawn until we reached the depot. Upon our arrival Lieut. Morris put the prisoner upon a settee, and placed a guard over him, with orders to shoot him if he dared to stir from the spot. A short time after we arrived two other persons were indentified as having been engaged in the last assault upon me, and were arrested. I washed the blood from my face and prepared to take my seat in the cars, when an officer, whom I subsequently learned to be Major Robertson, of Maj.-Gen Hooker's staff, having learned the facts of the case from Lieut. Morris, came up to me, and told me he was going to Philadelphia, and offered to protect me at the risk of his own life. The guard surrounded me with drawn revolvers; conducted me to the cars; and remained with me until the train started."

Some of the parties have been tried and sent to Fort McHenry. It will be seen by this statement that Surgeon Augusta was manfully defended by the proper officers in Baltimore. He has been blamed by many persons for not promptly striking the men who attacked him, but this could hardly have been expected of a solitary colored man in the city of Baltimore. The bravest men, when entirely overpowered by numbers, make no resistance. To resist under such circumstances is madness, and not truly a courageous act.

There is a fair prospect that all difficulties with England and France will soon be arranged. In the Peterhoff case I understand that Lord Lyons avowed openly at a dinner-party, the other day, that he or his government had never demanded the mails of the captured steamer—he simply asked Mr. Seward to adhere to his own position, taken freely by himself, on this subject, in his previous diplomatic correspondence. On this Peterhoff case, the entire Cabinet, with the single exception of Mr. Seward, was agreed—that the mails should not have been surrendered. But the President agrees with Mr. Seward, and the Secretary of State triumphs! Mr. Lincoln is not a General, but he has a good share of common sense, and it tells him that when this government has fought two years in vain trying to extinguish the rebellion, it cannot safely add to the war upon our hands a foreign war. We must wait and trust to the future. If we triumph, we shall not care for revenge. England will be obsequious as she used to be under the rule of the slaveholders, and if we fail (which is not to be thought of) we shall be so humiliated that we shall not care to think of the heartlessness of the English aristocracy. Mr. Sumner, in these affairs, though a peace man, I understand has acted manfully, and has not counselled over-timidity on the part of the government. I should not suppose it possible that he agrees fully with Mr. Seward in his management of this entire affair, but he possibly may.

Avon.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, May 18th, 1863.

One of the most interesting and instructive meetings I ever attended was held last evening in the Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the Educational Commission. Its object was to hear a report from Edward L. Pierce, Esq., of his recent visit to Port Royal, the scene of his labors fourteen months ago, when, as Government Agent, he conducted the first experiment ever attempted by the U. S. government towards a just, humane and Christian treatment of the colored people of the South.

A large gathering of ladies and gentlemen attended, and Prof. William B. Rogers, who occupied the chair, made a few prefatory remarks before introducing Mr. Pierce to the audience.

Mr. Pierce, after briefly speaking of the historic value of the movement thus made, as the commencement of a mighty change in the condition, prospects, character, rank and destiny of four million people, briefly rehearsed some of the principal circumstances of the original enterprise, and read short extracts from his former Report, made of its condition and prospects after one month's trial. This sketch, intensely interesting in itself, was necessary to enable his hearers to hear intelligently his present Report, and to judge of the progress thus far made.

The number and variety of the things needful to be done, and the facts needful to be reported, in regard to a people so exceptionally situated, were, of course, at first bewildering. But there were two points of preëminent importance to be settled in regard to them, namely, whether they were willing at once to work for their living, and whether they were disposed, in case of need, to fight for their liberty. To both these questions the experience of the Educational Commission had found decidedly affirmative answers.

On first approaching the islands of the Port Royal District, where their first experiment was to be made, Mr. Pierce had addressed the teachers and superintendents associated with him, about forty in number, pointing out the exceeding importance of a careful, judicious, patient and persevering performance of the work intrusted to them. Experience had shown him to have been eminently fortunate in his associates.

At that time, fourteen months ago, they had found, among the blacks, a degree of ignorance and degradation greater than even he had suspected. To the evils of their ignorance, their unsettled state, and their poverty and privations, were added unfavorable influences from some of the officers and soldiers of our army.

They were found heartily willing to work, as soon as fair compensation was assured to them. They had already spontaneously commenced the planting of corn, on the plantations deserted by their rebel masters, but they disliked and avoided the culture of cotton, which they regarded as the especial badge of slavery. Nevertheless, on being convinced that this culture was to be carried on for the government, and that they were really free agents in a contract for labor, they willingly commenced the planting of cotton, and, in those cases where the cotton-gins had been destroyed, as hated relics of their enslavement, they voluntarily put together the scattered portions, and prepared for a renewal of the work. At a later period, the idea of possessing a piece of land for themselves was found to have a very powerful influence in inciting them to labor.

After the agricultural system had got fairly into operation, the amount of their voluntary labor was found fully equal to that which they had performed in slavery. It was not what Yankees at home consider a good day's work, but the ideas and the practice of Yankees became modified considerably after experience of the debilitating effects of that climate. The amount and thoroughness of the freedmen's labor, under the circumstances, were highly satisfactory.

In reviewing the results of school instruction, it was needful to remember that this had been considered and kept subordinate to the necessities of labor. The point of first importance was to establish regular industry, and to make it, as soon as possible, self-supporting. All but the very young, therefore, received school instruction only as it could be given in the intervals of labor. But even thus, their progress had been most praiseworthy and encouraging. There were now twenty-five or thirty schools, under thirty-five or forty teachers, on the islands in Port Royal harbor. Among the two or three reading-books used there, one of the most highly esteemed was Hillard's Second Reader. Mr. Pierce thought, in view of the excellent service this little work was accomplishing, that, when his esteemed friend the author came to the close of life, he might look back upon this book with more satisfaction than upon some of his political writings. He had already sent to the schools a supply of the reading-books for more advanced pupils, prepared by the same author.

Not wishing, Mr. Pierce said, to give a merely laudatory statement of the proficiency of the pupils, but to enable his hearers to judge accurately of their grade of advancement, he read occasional sentences from the school-books used, as he described the classes that used them. He also gave specimens of their answers to questions addressed to them by visitors, giving some idea of their state of general intelligence, and of their readiness of thought and expression.

These people are by no means free from faults and vices. Petty pilfering is common, false statements are readily made when censure is feared, the people most conspicuous in professions of piety are not always those of the best character. These are the customary vices of slavery, their natural defence against the robbery and manifold injustice systematically practised upon them by their old masters. Time must of course be allowed, and patience and forbearance exercised, to establish better manners and morals under the new system.

Of the disposition of the colored people to become soldiers, of their proficiency in learning the military exercises, and of their readiness to meet danger and to do active service in this form whenever called upon, a most satisfactory account was given, based on the experience of Col. Higginson and of Gen Saxton. Mr. Pierce seemed to take great pleasure in giving a hearty tribute of personal admiration, respect and esteem for both these officers. He found, moreover, that the good conduct, soldierly appearance and practical efficiency of the negro regiments were making manifest headway against the prejudices of the white soldiers. He was convinced that, in this department of public service as in their capacity as men, and as workmen, only time and a fair chance were needed to gain for them the high credit in public estimation which they deserve.

Mr. Pierce gave a touching tribute to the memory of four of the teachers who originally accompanied him, and who have since deceased, martyrs to their zeal in one of the most important missionary works ever undertaken. He spoke particularly also of several who still remain there; one a young lady of Salem who, though connected by blood with the oppressed race, was the esteemed teacher of a white school in that city; and who, though competent to teach the most advanced pupils, and favored with the opportunity of travel and study in Europe, preferred to give herself to the service of the new beginners at Port Royal; another, our young Boston friend, Charles Follen, a name, he said, historic in connection with learning, progress, and the advocacy of liberty and human rights.

It is much to be desired that this Report, like Mr. Pierce's former one, should be published in full, and widely distributed.

I had the fortune also to hear, yesterday, a discourse from Rev. Leicester A. Sawyer, who has published considerable portions of a new translation of the Bible, and who offers to the public a reconstruction of the theories now obtaining in regard to that book. He thinks we are now passing through a period critical and momentuous for Christianity as well as for Republican government. He judges that the real and great value of the sacred books is impaired, instead of promoted, by the assumption of their infallibility, and the sort of idolatrous reverence commonly paid them. And he shrinks not from declaring that rationalism, a thinking according to truth, is not dangerous, but needful for our spiritual welfare.

The beautiful day now passing has been a day of joy and triumph to our colored friends here. Perhaps two thousand of them, with a vast number of other citizens, have been out to-day to Camp Meigs, at Readville, to witness a presentation of banners to the 54th Regiment. Gov. Andrew, as the official representative of the Commonwealth, and also by favor of the ladies and gentlemen who had prepared these gifts, presented four standards to this, the first colored Regiment in the State of Massachusetts. The first two were the National flag and the State colors; then came a banner, the gift of the recruiting committee of the 54th, bearing a picture of the Goddess of Liberty, with the motto, "Liberty, Loyalty and Unity." The last flag, a very beautiful one, was given by the family of the late lamented Lieut. Putnam. It bore on one side the State arms, and on the other a golden representation of the Cross and Passion.

Gov. Andrew's address was a very impressive one. Alluding to the emblem last mentioned, he said we were now fighting the battles of Christianity as well as of country. Referring to the especial character of this Regiment, as not only composed of colored men, new to the military service, but of citizens of other States, joined with those of Massachusetts, he complimented them on the proficiency they had thus far shown, assured them of the deep interest which he with the whole State, should take in their career, congratulated them on the excellence of their officers, and expressed his firm conviction that they would distinguish themselves in the field as favorably as in the camp.

Col. Shaw made a brief response in behalf of the Regiment. It is thought probable that the 54th will leave camp for the South on Wednesday. Meanwhile recruiting for the 55th is making favorable progress.

North.

For Gratuitous Distribution.—The valuable and still timely tract, by Mrs. L. Maria Child, entitled, "The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies, and elsewhere" (108 pages), will be sent by mail to any person requesting it, and enclosing *six cents* in undefaced postage stamps. Address Samuel May, Jr., 221 *Washington Street, Boston.*

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

A private note from Washington furnishes *The Evening Post* the following as trustworthy information: "No movement is likely to take place on the Potomac for some time. Gen. Hooker has been left to follow his own plans, with the assurance of not being interfered with. Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has offered to raise 50,000 volunteers to man the fortifications of Washington, and the proposition is understood to have been accepted. Advices received at the Navy Department from the fleet in the Mississippi, express the opinion that Vicksburg must very shortly be ours."

The report of the capture of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, by Gen. Grant, is fully confirmed. It is announced that he burned the State Capitol—it probably being used as a rebel depot for supplies. Gen. Hurlbut, in telegraphing this intelligence from Memphis, gives the report of a citizen just arrived from Jackson, that the rebels abandoned Vicksburg on Sunday last, marching on the ridge northeast to Livingston, which is twenty miles northwest of Jackson, and about midway between the Big Black and the Pearl Rivers. Gen. Grant states that Gen. McPherson captured Raymond on the 12th, after about two hours' brisk fighting. Our loss was 51 killed and 180 wounded. The rebel loss 75 killed and 186 prisoners, beside their wounded. A dispatch from Cincinnati states that reënforcements for the rebels were being hurried forward, and were stopping twelve miles east of Jackson.

The War Department on Tuesday night received a dispatch from Gen. Hurlbut, confirming the previous reports of the evacuation of Vicksburg by the rebels. The supposition is that they are trying to effect a junction with Bragg, or to cooperate with him in an attack on Gen. Rosecrans.

A dispatch from Cincinnati informs us that the rebels are threatening another invasion of Kentucky. News from Somerset is to the effect that a rebel force in Wayne and Clinton Counties is increasing—numbering already 17,000 men, with fourteen pieces of artillery. A letter from Richmond states that they have already crossed the Cumberland, and are advancing on that place. The movement is supposed to be intended to flank Gen. Rosecrans, and to compel him to leave his position at Murfreesboro. Gen. Burnside, however, will no doubt be able to attend to it in a satisfactory manner.

Further measures of a retaliatory character have been passed through the rebel Congress. Resolutions have been adopted providing that every commissioned officer who shall command negroes for military service against the Confederate States, shall, when captured, be put to death; and the negroes, when captured, shall be delivered to the State authorities, to be dealt with according to their laws. This is in accordance with a proposition some time ago submitted to the rebel Congress, when the plan of arming the negroes was first inaugurated by the National authorities.

We have highly important intelligence from the Department of the Gulf. On the 10th inst., Admiral Farragut, with several other officers, arrived in New Orleans, with the news that early on the morning of the 6th, Admiral Porter, with his own and a portion of Farragut's fleet, captured Alexandria, on the Red river, and that on the evening of the same day, Gen. Dwight's cavalry, the advance of Gen. Banks's army, entered the place, thus effecting a junction between the land and naval forces. Previous to the capture of Alexandria—on the 4th—the gunboats Albatross, Estrella and Arizona proceeded up the Red river on a reconnoissance, and had an engagement with Fort De Russy, resulting in its capture. Two rebel gunboats took part in the engagement, one of which was disabled by a shot in her boiler, when the other made her escape up the river. A rumor had reached New Orleans that Port Hudson was being evacuated. It will be recollected that Gen. Grant, a few days ago, notified the War Department that it had been evacuated, except by a small garrison and the heavy artillery. Gen. Bragg had issued an order proposing the organization of a *corps d' armée* of colored troops, to be designated as the *Corps d' Afrique*. It is to consist ultimately of eighteen regiments, representing all arms—making nine brigades of two regiments each, and three divisions of three brigades each.

New Orleans, at last advices, was alive with exultation over the capture of Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, and particularly the arrival of Col. Grierson's cavalry all safe at Baton Rouge. Col. Grierson himself was in New Orleans, the hero of the hour. His forces, the 6th and 7th Illinois cavalry, left La Grange, Tenn., on the 17th of April, and reached Baton Rouge on the 2d of May. Their zigzag course gave them a route of about 800 miles—in one instance they rode 80 miles in 28 hours. They swept a breadth of about 20 miles through the entire State of Mississippi clean of everything of most value to the rebels; broke bridges, tore up railroads, destroyed immense quantities of army provisions, ruined engines, cars, depots and towns, spoiled the telegraphs, and so utterly bewildered the rebels that before any efficient resistance could be made they were safe within Gen. Banks's lines. In all their sixteen days' ride they had but one night's rest. Col. Grierson says that had it been part of his plan he could easily have organized two brigades of negro troops, so gladly did the slaves crowd upon and follow him.

The Army and the Negroes.

Everywhere the American General receives his most useful and reliable information from the Negro, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON.

Correspondence of The Times.

Washington, Tuesday, May 19.

It is stated at the War Department, that more vigorous measures for calling out the full military strength of the negroes will be made on Adjt.-Gen. Thomas's return from the West—that officer, alike from his interest in and familiarity with the subject, is considered peculiarly qualified to assume the entire charge of the organization of negro troops, and his return is therefore awaited before rules and regulations therefor are promulgated. The War Department has already received dispatches from him, announcing the complete organization of eleven negro regiments on the Mississippi. Meantime the prospects for negro volunteering continue brighter. In this city enlistments for the first negro regiment are already complete, and steps are already being taken for the organization of the second. Those interested in the work promise also another regiment from Georgetown, and one, if not two more from Alexandria. The District has thus far furnished but two white regiments. Gen. Heintzelman to-day telegraphed to Gen. Slough, Military Governor of Alexandria, asking how many negro troops could be raised there. Gen. Slough replied that he would undertake to raise a brigade, and have them ready for speedy service in the fortifications. From other quarters the indications are not less cheering. Baltimore promises well for at least one regiment, and the Southern shore of Maryland for another. Within a circuit of eighty miles around Washington is a population of 160,000 negroes, a large proportion of whom are now within our lines, and available for military service.

At a war meeting of the colored people of this city, held this evening, in furtherance of the organization of a negro regiment, the following resolutions were proposed by W. A. Croffut, and unanimously adopted, and a Committee appointed to wait upon the President with a copy of them:

Whereas, The rebel authorities at Richmond, in reply to the announcement by the President of the United States of his intention to employ citizens of African descent in the suppression of the rebellion, proclaim their determination not to regard such citizens, or their white officers, as prisoners of war, but to subject them to the bloody penalties prescribed in Southern statute-books for persons inciting insurrection among slaves; and,

Whereas, A large number of colored persons, serving in the loyal army as ambulance and wagon drivers, freighters, diggers, servants, etc., either free or those whose freedom was practically assured by the proclamation of Emancipation, have been captured by the rebels at Murfreesboro, Galveston, Bull Run, Harper's Ferry and elsewhere, and we have every reason to believe impressed or sold into slavery, no account, as far as we can ascertain, having ever been rendered of such people as military captives; and,

Whereas, The failure of the United States goverment to guarantee to its colored citizens captured by the enemy the protection to which their military employment manifestly entitles them, has, in our opinion, retarded the enlistment of that class of troops, and seems to have been construed by the enemy into a submission to their threat; therefore

Resolved, That when all liberty is involved and the existence of the Republic at stake, classes and conditions are sunk in the magnitude of a common cause, and no soldier is so hum

Miscellaneous Department.

PHILADELPHIA, May 17th, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I SEND you the following verses, which I find in *The Press* of this city, confident that you will gladly publish them in THE STANDARD. We who knew so well, by long fellowship in anti-slavery labor, our beloved and honored coadjutor, can testify to their truthfulness. M. G.

WARNER JUSTICE.

DECEMBER, 1862.

Now that the day begins to dawn,
We who have labored through the night,
And watched the long eclipse of right,
Must grieve the more that he is gone.

Vanished as in the earlier morn,
The lofty longing Kings of old,
And Prophets, who might not behold
The Great Deliverance to be born.

Yet we believe that from their skies
They bend in calm majestic forms,
And through the earthquake and the storms
They guard the cradle where it lies.

When he was with us here we know
His faith was pure, his hand was strong,
And sought such contact with the wrong
As liveth in a downright blow.

And thus he kept his faith more pure,
Than doth the chary careful saint,
Who holds himself aloof from taint,
On lofty pedestal secure.

His was the clear and steady thought,
The perfect truth he fully knew,
Claimed all God's possible as true,
While in man's possible he wrought.

His was the old and simple plan;
He had no scheme beyond the sense
Of daily working Providence,
That slowly moulds the world and man.

He mingled with the hate of wrong
The heavenly charity that still
Rains blessings on the good and ill—
The charity that suffereth long.

And thence his life was peace; its breath
So quiet none could count it strange,
When fell the last and final change,
And quietly he slept in death. E.

THE CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

From The Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

IN some remarks lately made on the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, we observed that the Church and slavery could never get along well together. The New York *Freeman's Journal* condemns our remarks, quotes St. Paul and Church Councils, and says that we are ignorant of ecclesiastical history. The writer in *The Freeman* also observes that he does not wish for a controversy with us. As *The Freeman*, on this occasion, is mild, and uses no offensive langage, we reply to his comments at some length.

We assure our cotemporary that we, too, have no desire to enter into a controversy. IT WOULD BE USELESS NOW, BECAUSE THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY IS DEAD. THE FIRST CANNON FIRED AT SUMTER SOUNDED ITS KNELL. IT WOULD BE MUCH EASIER TO TAKE RICHMOND OR OPEN THE MISSISSIPPI, THAN RESTORE SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES. THE THING IS GONE FOREVER.

But our cotemporary suggests that we are not acquainted with ecclesiastical history, and that slavery and the Church have got along well together, and quotes St. Paul and certain Councils. Our cotemporary has a right to entertain any opinion he pleases about our ignorance. His opinion is his own. But without acrimony we can write on this subject of slavery. It must be discussed; there is no help for it—and while we accord to those who are its advocates all liberty of speech, we hope that some license will be extended to us when we give our reasons on the other side. It is not in a factious spirit or a fanatical spirit that we write, *but under the strong conviction that a great change is at hand in the political welfare of the country, and that it is of some consequence to Catholics to decide wisely what part to take.* This cannot be done by crying out "ignorance," "abolition," but by friendly discussion. *Whether we like it or not, slavery is extinguished in the United States, and all that we have to do is to decide how we shall accommodate ourselves to "coming events."*

We have said, and we now repeat it, that slavery and the Catholic Church could never get along well together. The Church never tries to correct evils by revolutionary means. When she has not the legislative power in her hands she is patient, long-suffering, gentle. What she could not suppress she tolerated. But she found slavery little disposed to imitate her meekness. When the Slave Power predominates, religion is nominal. There is no life in it. It is the hard-working, laboring man who builds the church, the school-house and the orphan asylum, not the slaveholder, as a general rule. Religion flourishes in a slave State only in proportion to its intimacy with a free State, or as it is adjacent to it. There are more Catholics in the Cathedral congregation of this city than in North and South Carolina and Georgia! There are more Catholics in one of our second-rate congregations than in the whole State of Alabama! Louisiana ought to be a Catholic State, but it has never sent a Senator or Representative to Congres who identified himself with the Catholic cause, so far as we know. The slave-owners are not the zealous men of the Church in that State.

What help is Cuba, with all its riches, to the Catholic cause? The poorest Irish or German congregation in the free States does more for religion than Havana, if we can rely upon the representations of those who ought to know and whose character forbids deception. It appears to us, therefore, that slavery is not friendly to the Catholic faith—or to its charity and fervor when it happens to be professed. If for telling these plain truths any subscriber wishes to withdraw his patronage, we hope he will do so at once. And if for telling these truths the ladies of a community in a slave State choose to burn our paper again, they have our liberty, if that be of any consequence, to prove their amiability and piety by doing so. The time is near at hand when they will wish that they had been more tolerant to the expression of an opinion.

But, to our knowledge of ecclesiastical history: "No one ventures to doubt," says Balmes, "that the Church exercised a powerful influence on the abolition of slavery. This is a truth too clear and evident to be questioned. * * * It did all that was possible in favor of human liberty. If it did not advance more rapidly in the work, it was because it could not do so without compromising the undertaking, without creating serious obstacles to the desired emancipation. Such is the result at which we arrive when we have thoroughly examined the charges made against some proceedings of the Church. * * That slavery endured for a long time in presence of the Church, is true; but it was always declining, and it only lasted as long as was necessary to realize the benefit without violence, without a shock, without compromitting its universality and its continuation." These few words from the fifteenth chapter of Balmes's incomparable work show the exact position occupied by the Church in reference to slavery. *To say that she ever favored the system is a calumny. She proclaimed men's fraternity with each other, and their equality before God, and, therefore, could not be the advocate of slavery.*

With respect to the works of St. Paul, so often quoted, we find a full justification of our position. He writes to Philemon, commanding his faith and charity, and says: "Wherefore, though I might have much confidence in Christ Jesus *to command thee that which is to the purpose*, for charity's sake I rather beseech, *thou being such a one*, as Paul the aged and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ; I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my chains—whom I have sent back to thee. And do thou receive him as my own bowels. Not now as a servant, but instead of a servant a most dear brother, especially to me; but how much more to thee, both in the flesh and in the Lord?"

Any one who can find any thing in this in favor of slavery must have piercing optics. Would St. Paul have sent him back to a heathen master—or one who would have the power and the will to despise him—to sell his wife and children into slavery? The thought is not to be entertained of the blessed apostle.

If a fugitive slave in this country was to be sent back to some master in Mississippi or Texas by a Catholic Bishop of our days, bearing such an epistle as the above, how would the master mock and the world laugh at the Bishop! What a joke it would be considered in the South!

But what did the Popes think of slavery? This will probably throw some light on ecclesiastical history. Paul III., 1537, and Urban VIII., in 1639, condemned in the strongest terms the crime of reducing men to slavery, separating them from their wives and children, or in any manner depriving them of their liberty, or upon any pretext to preach or teach that it is lawful. Pius II., 1469, also denounces the system in the strongest terms. Gregory XVI., who, in his Apostolic Letter of December 3, 1839, refers to the foregoing, and uses this vehement language on the same subject: "Wherefore we, desiring to turn away so great a reproach as this from all the boundaries of Christians, and the whole matter being maturely weighed, certain Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, our venerable brethren, being also called into Council, treading in the footsteps of our predecessors with Apostolic authority, do vehemently admonish and adjure in the Lord, all believers in Christ, that no one hereafter may dare, unjustly, to molest Indians, negroes or other men of this sort, or to spoil them of their goods or reduce them to slavery. We, therefore, with Apostolic authority do reprobate all the aforesaid actions as utterly unworthy of the Christian name; and by the same Apostolic authority do strictly prohibit and interdict that any ecclesiastic or lay person shall presume to defend that very trade in negroes *as lawful under any pretext or studied excuse*, or otherwise to preach, or in any manner, publicly or privately, to teach contrary to those things which we have charged in this, our Apostolic Letter."

This is tolerably showy language. Its import, we think, is clear enough to any one who has a human mind. There can be "no pretext or studied excuse," says the good and great Pontiff. Are Catholics afraid or unwilling to read the admonition of the VICAR of Jesus Christ?

But it will be said that Gregory XVI. alluded to the foreign slave trade! This, however, is a pretext, and has not even the dignity of a "studied excuse." We have a word to say on the point.

Shortly before the appearance of this Apostolic letter, a religious order in the United States, by their close communication with Rome, received information of its existence and approaching publication. With more wit than piety, the Superiors of that order collected together a large number of their slaves and sold them to a Southern *gentleman*—we will call him so—who hurried them into Louisiana, and they were scattered over the South without reference to their relationship one to another.

The whole Catholic community was shocked at the occurrence. Pope Gregory's letter appeared soon after, and it did not moderate the feeling of indignation. When the fact was known in Rome, such was the emotion felt by his Holiness, that the Superiors, on whom the responsibility rested, were ordered forthwith to proceed to the Eternal City, and they did not return for years. Why they were detained it is unnecessary to discuss.

This shows that slavery, in every shape, is condemned and reprobated by the Church. In the meantime she did nothing violently. She only spoke the solemn words of admonition. Events have hurried on—what the Church would not or could not do the politicians have done. The door is now made open without any agency of Catholics, and those who wish to despise the venerable Pontiffs and be the jailors of their fellow-men may endeavor to close and lock and bolt it. We take no part in any such proceeding.

THE AFRICAN TRIBES.

[Extracts from Mr. Brace's work on Ethnology, now in press with Scribner.]

WITH reference to the general physical divisions of South Africa, Livingstone gives it as his opinion that there are *five* longitudinal bands of color running up the Southern continent.

Those on the seaboard, both east and west, are very black; "then two bands of lighter color lie about 300 miles from each coast, of which the westerly one, bending round, embraces the Kalahari desert and the Bechuana countries; and then the central basin is very dark again."

This can be only a very general appearance, as numerous exceptions are found to it; the Bushmen of lighter color, being scattered around in the centre of the continent, and the Makololo, who are of light-yellow complexion, having migrated to the central regions. All travellers agree that the color of the Africans, to a certain degree, changes according to heat and dampness, the same tribe (as the Batoka for instance) being black or lighter-colored, as they are exposed in a greater or less degree to these two influences. The lines of language—as, for instance, those of the Kaffir family—cut across the distinctions of color, and one undoubted race may embrace persons jet black, and others with unmixed blood of a light copper-color.

The Semitic races—as the Arab and Berber and Abyssinian—vary endlessly in complexion. Some Arabs are reported to be jet-black; and the Berbers, as shown by Dr. Barth, are sometimes almost black, and at others fair as North Europeans. The Abyssinians range from black to copper-color, according to locality.

What is called the "negro type"—that is, the low type of the coast of Guinea—is comparatively the exception—perhaps as much so as the low Irish type in the Celtic race. The negro features are combined in Africa in every possible variety. As Prichard has shown, and as may be seen by referring to descriptions already given of the particular nations in this treatise, there are jet black negroes with wooly hair but noble Aryan features—such as the Iolofs, Mandingoes, Guberi, and others; or black people with frizzled and even straight hair and regular features, such as the Bishari and Danakil, and some of the Fellatah; or blacks with flowing hair in ringlets, as the Somauli and the tribes near the Zambesi; or light-brown people with woolly hair and European forms and face, as some of the Kaffirs; or light-brown with negro features, as many east of Angola; or brown with the lowest negro type and hair in tufts, as the Hottentots.

M. d'Abbadie—an eminent *savant*—who has had eleven years of experience among the races of Eastern Africa, states as his conclusion—the more trustworthy as opposed to his previous opinion—that color is in the main the result of food and climate. Our usual classification and entire separation of the negro from the white, he thinks, are due to our commonly seeing the extremes of the two types—the Guinea negro and European white—in contrast. This scaffolding of classification, he says, fell when he first saw certain tribes—the *Doqqo* and others—in Eastern Africa, and now, with all his experience, if he were to choose among individuals in Æthiopia (excluding all mixture of races), it would be impossible for him to say where the negro begins and the red man ends.

There is nothing in the great source from which evidence of difference and of unity among different peoples has been sought in this treatise—namely, Language—to prove the negro radically different from the other families of man or even mentally inferior to them.

A large portion of the brown and black tribes of Northern Africa, as has been shown, belong to the same family as that which first originated commerce, which invented the alphabet, produced the sublime Hebrew poetry and Arabian science, and which was through many ages in one of its branches, the especial medium fitted by Providence for transmitting the most elevated religious inspirations to mankind, and in which the Divine manifestation of JESUS CHRIST was made. The Semitic negro can certainly never be considered by the worshippers under a Semitic religion, as inferior in blood to themselves.

Still another group of peoples, both brown and black, many fully black, are descendants of that family which erected the ancient empires on the Euphrates and which, unknown centuries ago, built the pyramid-tombs on the Nile, and founded the gloomy art, the artificial civilization and the science of Egypt. Surely the Hamitic black is not by necessity of race a being inferior to those races who first learned science of his forefathers. And if it be shown in the investigations of the next few years—as many philologists predict—that the lowest African race—the Hottentot—is a descendant of the highest, the Egyptian, then will be demonstrated that no degradation of physical type or mental condition is a necessary proof of diversity of origin.

The families of Central Africa have not, indeed, all been classified, and no absolute proof can be presented of their identity of origin with the rest of the human race, but their languages show no radically different features. The laws of human speech apply to them as to all other tongues: they are founded on the same principles: they are sometimes conspicuous for their richness and flexibility, and a great scholar of Germany (Pott) has ranked many of them among the noble tongues of more cultivated races.

These races have manifested no want of capacity for commerce or agriculture or government. Some have erected in this century great empires; some are the traders through wide deserts; some have organized governments, opened schools and even accomplished the wonderful feat of inventing a phonetic alphabet.

Many are distinguished for the highest physical type; and others in force and energy, and even ingenuity, are not behind more favored races.

The great Southern or Kaffir family, including so many nations, presents no inferiority in that highest expression of the human soul—Language—but has a tongue which is remarkable for its melody, richness and precision of expression.

It is true that owing to its isolation, caused by the malaria of its coasts, the want of navigable waters and the difficulties of land-transit, the continent of Africa has been almost untouched by the great currents of commerce and by the grand movements of Christianity, so that its races stand at this day lower than those of any part of the globe, except Oceanica.

The African peoples—with the exception of the Semitic and Hamitic races—have no literature or history: they are beclouded with the shadow of ignorant minds—the superstitious dread of unseen powers: they are cursed with the vices and wrongs of slavery; and they have not yet produced a man with intellect or moral power sufficient to mould and lead nations. Yet with all this, they are no lower than probably were many of the Aryan races on their first entrance into Europe; they are to be looked upon as young in the immense period necessary for the historical development of races, and there is nothing to show that they may not yet grow in their own direction to the full stature of the other families of man.

Mohammedanism has already begun in a partial way the improving process, by solidifying separate tribes and spreading the idea of a community of believers. Still more has Christianity proved, on the western coast, what order and intelligence and good morals might spring up under its genial reign. The African disposition is said to show a certain openness to pure religious influences; so that if the Divine working in history shall produce some great African prophet or reformer, inspired by the system which is more congenial to the African nature than either Mohammedanism or Judæism—Christianity—what may we not yet hope for African development and civilization!

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

AIR—"*Scots Wha Hae*," *etc.*

Men who plough your granite peaks,
O'er whose head your Eagle shrieks,
And for aye of *Freedom* speaks,
Hear your Country's call!
Swear, each loyal mother's son,
Swear, "Our Country shall be ONE!"
Seize your sword, or bring your gun,
Bayonet and ball!

For the land that bore you—Arm!
Shield the State you love from harm!
Catch, and round you spread, the alarm;
Hear, and hold your breath!
Hark! the hostile horde is nigh!
See! the storm comes roaring by!
Hear and heed our battle cry—

"VICTORY OR DEATH!"

Sturdy landsmen, hearty tars,
Can you see your Stripes and Stars
Flouted by the three broad bars,
And cold-blooded feel?
There the rebel banner floats!
Tyrants, vanquished by your votes,
Spring, like bloodhounds, at your throats;
Let them bite your *steel!*

With no traitor at their head,
By no braggart coward led,
By no hero caught abed,
While he dreams of flight;
By no "Young Napoleons,"
Kept at bay by wooden guns,
Shall our brothers and our sons
Be held back from fight!

Like a whirlwind in its course,
Shall *again* a rebel force,
Jackson's foot or Stuart's horse,
Pass our sleepy posts,
Roam, like Satan, "to and fro,"
And our laggard let them go?
No! in thunder answer "*No!*
By the Lord of Hosts!"

With the Lord of Hosts we fight,
For his Freedom, Law and Right—
Strike for *these*, and his all-might
Shall with victory crown
Loyal brows, alive or dead,
Crush each crawling Copperhead,
And, in bloody battle, tread
This rebellion down!

"Talk of "Peace," in hours like this!
'Tis Iscariot's traitor kiss!
'Tis the Old Serpent's latest hiss!
Foil his foul intrigue!
Plant your heel his head upon!
Let him squirm! his race is run!
Now to *keep* your Country *one*,
Join our Union League!

THE SIMS MEETING.

From The Liberator.

THE friends of Thomas Sims arranged last week a meeting for his benefit in the Tremont Temple, and about a thousand people came together to hear the account of his last twelve years' experience in slavery. His wife and child, the partners in his late escape from Vicksburg, were with him on the platform.

A very impressive introductory statement was made by Charles W. Slack, Esq., who called the meeting to order, sketching the change of times since Sims was last in Boston, noticing the persons, several of them since deceased, who were most active in the kidnapping and the rendition, and referring also with due honor to those who were prompt and assiduous in giving such help as they could in that time of need, conspicuous among whom was Theodore Parker. The audience were then invited to hear the story of Thomas Sims from his own lips.

His manner, in this his first attempt at public speaking, showed complete self-possession and self-confidence. He narrated the prominent circumstances of his enforced return from Boston, his arrival at Savannah, and a portion of his subsequent adventures, going into such minuteness of detail respecting the earlier years, and the conversations which occurred with his successive masters, that no time remained to describe the later ones.

Neither his escape just made, nor his former one, were occasioned by any special ill-treatment. He felt that no man had the right to claim ownership over him. His narrative gave the impression that his ordinary treatment was as good, and his position generally as favorable as slaves ever experience. But these things were not sufficient to content him, without freedom.

On arriving at Savannah, he was put in prison, and had a severe sickness there. This, he supposed, at first prevented his receiving the severe punishment which a recaptured fugitive naturally expects. Before his recovery, a rumor reached the South that the Northern people were reporting that he had been whipped to death. In fact, he was not whipped at all, but was sold as soon as he was in condition to work at his trade of bricklayer.

In the twelve years that have passed since his return to Savannah, he has had several changes of masters. It was amusing to hear of the unpleasant surprise of some of these men, on learning that the slave they had bought was that eminent one who "had been to Boston." As far as Mr. Sims's experience went, the slaveholders apprehended danger from the contact with their slaves of one who had been a fugitive, more than they derived encouragement and confidence from the surrender of that fugitive. He was constantly directed to keep silence respecting his Boston adventures; and he soon found that the readiest way to obtain a change of situation was to publish the fact that he was the boy who "had been to Boston."

He never relinquished the purpose of attempting an escape, nor the hope of succeeding in it; and he did all in his power to assist the transfer of himself to the positions he judged most favorable for this purpose. Most of his time since the rendition has been spent at Vicksburg. He married there, and has a child seven or eight years old. He hired his time of his master, and thus had as much freedom of locomotion as slaves ever possess. Three slave friends joined him in forming a plan of escape, and though his wife and child had been removed some miles out of the city, he succeeded in bringing them to the "dug-out" boat that had been provided. The men had arms, and were determined to fight in case of interruption. They were necessarily obliged to pass near a rebel battery, but a cloudy sky enabled them to pass without discovery, and they went through the rebel lines, and reached the pickets of Gen. Grant in safety.

Information such as these fugitives could give was of course very welcome to Gen. Grant, who gave them a paper certifying that fact, and authorizing the passage of the party Northward.

Mr. Sims spoke with ease, and without embarrassment or hesitation, an hour and three quarters. When he had closed his narrative, Wendell Phillips was introduced to the audience.

Mr. Phillips traced the immense changes that have taken place in Massachusetts of late years, and drew a historical parallel between April 1851 and April 1863. He referred to the large number of persons then assisting or favoring the rendition of Sims, who have now become practical Abolitionists. It was a very striking circumstance that the chair of Boutwell, then Governor of the State, was now filled by a friend of John Brown. In fact the State government, and the State itself, excepting only the city of Boston, had become abolitionized.

Boston, he said, was accountable for the disgrace and guilt connected with the rendition of Thomas Sims, and the retribution for this sin was now pressing upon her. For two years, her best blood has been poured out in requital upon Southern battle-fields, but the atonement is not yet complete.

After referring in a touching manner to several of those who had been active in Sims's behalf in 1851, and especially to Theodore Parker, Mr. Phillips displayed to the audience the coat worn by the fugitive at the time of his seizure in Boston, which had been preserved by Mr. Parker, and transmitted by him, just before his death, to Mr. Phillips. He had great pleasure in restoring it to the original owner.

Mr. Garrison was then introduced by the Chairman, and spoke briefly in consequence of the lateness of the hour. He called the attention of the audience to the fact that the safety of Sims in the North, and in Boston, was owing rather to the rebellious position of his late master than to the nation's love of impartial justice and universal freedom. He reminded them that the Fugitive Slave law is not yet repealed, and that men who profess loyalty to the United States government are still countenanced by that government in the claim of ownership in human beings; and he earnestly entreated all to continue unwearied in labors for the utter extirpation of slavery from the land, and the removal of all unjust distinctions from the laws and customs of our State and nation.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Sims will tell his story, and give further details of slave life and of rebel life, to many audiences of Northern people. If he can so condense the earlier part of the narrative as to allow half an hour for statements respecting Vicksburg, the condition of the rebels there, the influence of that condition upon the position and treatment of slaves, and its influence also upon their feelings in regard to a continuance of the war, it will give additional interest and value to his statement. C. K. W.

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THEIR MORAL CONDITION—RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS—SMALLS, OF THE PLANTER.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

PORT ROYAL, April 25, 1863.

THE questions arrising from the unsettled condition of family relations among these South Carolina blacks have been among the most delicate which came up for decision before the constituted authorities. There was, I have been told, no such thing existing as polygamy; no man had, or pretended to have, two wives at the same time; but, in a number of cases, men desired to cast off the "old wives" whom their masters had given them, and take up with other women. One made the point in such a case that no marriage ceremony had ever been performed to bind him to this woman; that he exercised no choice in her selection even; and no doubt they did come together here much according to the will of the master, or overseer, who parcelled out wives as he parcelled out blows or tasks in the field. In some cases the people were regularly married; in very many not.

The rule made, in a General Order, to apply to these, is, that where men and women were regularly married they must be faithful to each other, and the man must support his wife and children. Where no lawful marriage existed this ceremony is performed by some minister; and if two women claim a man, he is ordered to cleave to the mother of his children. Concubinage and unfaithfulness to marriage vows are made punishable offences.

Now there come up such cases as this: A man who is somewhat notorious as a "rough" among his people, a strong, self-willed, determined fellow—an exception to the rule, so far as character is concerned—comes to headquarters, and says he has never willingly lived with the woman who, according to custom, was his wife; he does not love her, and she is not fond of him, for they never agree (and he, I believe, sometimes beat her). He now wishes to marry; but he has chosen a young woman for wife with whom he has been living, secretly, for more than a year—and she is about to become a mother. It is made evident by inquiry that these two have a strong affection for each other; he is extremely anxious to marry her before her child is born. The former wife does not object, but consents.

No law was ever framed which did not bear hardly on some one. I have reason to believe that such cases as that I have just recited are decided in a manner to cause as little suffering and to do as little mischief as possible.

The marriage relation is, in general, held sacred. I have spoken in a previous letter of a negro now serving a term of ten years in the District of Columbia Penitentiary, who slew the seducer of his wife. He was held justified for the act by his fellows, and that is, perhaps, a fair index of the state of public sentiment among the people on this subject.

The young women are, so far as I could judge from careful inquiry, not eminently chaste. Public opinion did not compel them to virtuous courses under the old slave system. There is no reason to believe that indiscriminate intercourse obtained to any extent among the slaves, but it was held no shame to a girl to bear children under any circumstances; the planters, I suppose, encouraged that which put money in their purses; and a different and more rigid sentiment has not yet, I think, generally obtained. One of the ablest of the superintendents told me that he was in the habit, as the people were at first very destitute, of giving to each mother an outfit for her new-born-child—of course something very simple—a dress, and one or two other articles, perhaps. This was the custom of the planters; and he found it best to continue it, at least for a time. "But," said he, "I made it a rule to refuse such gifts to the young unmarried girls who applied." If you think for a moment, you will understand what is implied in this remark.

To establish a different, higher standard of virtue among a people is slow work. These have many things to learn, and many to unlearn.

They have a habit or proneness to lying which is, I think, clearly one of the old effects of slavery. They can see no wrong in telling that story which shall seem in their judgment best calculated to produce any desired effect—to obtain a favor, to please a friend, or to harm an enemy. Those who are familiar with the character of the common Hindoo will appreciate this; for in this the negroes and they are precisely alike—and in both the spirit which has no faith in the efficacy or value of truth is bred of servility, and is the fruit of tyranny. One of these blacks, fresh from slavery, will most adroitly tell you precisely what you want to hear; to cross-examine such a creature is a task of the most delicate nature; if you chance to put a leading question, he will answer to its spirit as closely as the compass needle answers to the magnetic pole. Ask if the enemy had fifty thousand men, and he will be sure that they had at least that many; express your belief that they had not five thousand, and he will laugh at the idea of their having more than forty-five hundred. "The intelligent and reliable contraband" is the dread of staff officers, who pump him vainly for information on which they may depend.

In Irish trials you find the witness-box full of such witnesses as these, ready to swear to anything which may serve the side for which their sympathies are enlisted. The traditional Irishman of the novel is precisely such an "intelligent and reliable" creature.

They have not, as a general thing, a craving for strong drink. Some have learned, while living among white men, as officers' servants, etc., to love whiskey; but they cannot be called an intemperate people. It might be easy to make them so, however; I believe, with Capt. Hooper, "that if ably managed dram-shops should be established at suitable points on these islands, the negroes would soon acquire the habit of intemperance—and thus all distinctions of race in this respect would be swept away."

They display a desire to learn reading. It is not uncommon in Beaufort to see the workmen on the wharves, at the odd moments when they have nothing to do, busy with a primer or reader.

Their religious feelings are strong and easily excited. They all like to sing; are fond of devotional meetings, and have much of that curious excitability which is often developed in Western and Southern camp-meetings. What is called a "shout" is one way in which this excitement manifests itself; and this seems to be an effect of the same nature as what was called "the jerks" in the West and South-west—a kind of nervous affection, which, according to the best authorities, swept over nearly the whole South-western States some twenty years ago, affecting not a dozen or a hundred, but sometimes a thousand or two thousand people at once, when they were gathered together in open-air "meetings."

This excitability appears to many observers peculiar to the negroes; I think the people here show it perhaps more readily than any whites I have seen; but any one who has been accustomed to camp-meeting scenes in Indiana or Ohio, a dozen or twenty years ago, will find here, on occasion of a "shout," I am sure, something he is quite familiar with.

If you remember that many hundreds of these people ran away from their rebel masters and came to our lines at the greatest risks, and well knowing that dreadful punishments awaited them if caught, I think you will find in that some evidence of courage. The higher officers here, who have used the black men as spies and scouts, will tell you that they are cool and bold enough. Men who return to the enemy's lines to steal off their wives and children do not lack enterprise; and when the government awards medals for good conduct and bravery in the face of the enemy, as well as for honorable and important services rendered, it ought not to forget Smalls, who brought the steamer Planter out of Charleston. He is not the only one who has come out past Fort Sumter. There is a sergeant in the First South Carolina regiment who came out in a small boat, one dark night, to the blockading fleet. He is black, an intelligent and fine-looking fellow.

I had occasion to see here, one day, how far the bitter and mean prejudices of a pro-slavery man will carry him. Smalls, of the Planter, was ordered to go to the Wabash to see the Admiral. He went alongside in a boat in which it happened that Brig.-Gen. Seymour also was. The General called to the officer of the deck and said to him: "Officer, this *boy* wants to see the Admiral; will you please let him know that the boy is waiting?" Then turning to Smalls he cried out, in a sharp voice, "Here, *boy*, you can go aboard, and the officer will tell you when the Admiral is ready to see you."

Now Smalls is *not* a boy; he is a man of, I should think, thirty years, and wears a beard sufficient to show it. I blushed for Gen. Seymour when I heard him use the old cant of the slave master towards this man, who performed one of the bravest and most brilliant acts of the war. Gen. Seymour is himself a brave man, and if a white man had done what Smalls did, he would no doubt have honored him for it. But because this gallant fellow happens to have a black skin he speaks to him in a way that seemed to me, unwillingly listening to him, contemptibly mean.

Smalls was engaged to be one of the pilots to take in the fleet to attack Charleston. He is thoroughly familiar, I am told, with the creeks and intricate channels along this coast; and his knowledge has been of great value to our army and navy. He seems a very quiet man, without the slightest swagger. How he looked or felt when he was called "boy" in this way I cannot tell you—for I dared not look in the poor fellow's face.

I have endeavored to give in these letters an exact account of what I saw in these Sea Islands, of the negroes, their qualities and character. I can sum up all, most briefly, in the words of Gen. Hunter, who said: "In short, these people *do* work, they are not idle, they don't steal, they don't swear, they don't use obscene language, they are willing and faithful laborers and servants, polite to everybody, always cheerful, docile and easily ruled." C. N.

NEW LORDS, NEW LAWS.

From The Evening Post.

WE have before us an exceedingly clever little tract addressed "To Churchmen," setting forth the changes which are necessary in the usages of the Episcopal Church of this country to make them acceptable to slaveholders. The irony of the piece is very finely managed.

The preface, dated at the "Headquarters of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge" in this city, urges the importance of restoring the union of the Church after the labors of such men as Fernando Wood, James Brooks and Mr. Toucey shall have restored the union of the North and South. This is to be done by adopting the suggestions of a memorial to the General Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States, which forms the body of the pamphlet. We subjoin a sample of the alterations suggested. For our part, we entirely agree in their necessity. Slavery cannot be reconciled to Christianity, and we must, therefore, so modify our Christianity as to reconcile it with slavery.

"For example, the promise and vow of the marriage service: 'I, M., do take thee, N., to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold * * *till death doth us part,' is a mockery when uttered by one of this beloved but subordinate race. We cannot bear thus to put unreal words into the mouths of those so dear to us. It should be amended to read: 'Till death, or my owner, his executors, administrators, or assigns do us part.' So, too, the demand: 'Wilt thou, ——, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live?' and the answer, 'I will,' should be improved by adding to the words 'I will,' some form of *protestando*, reserving the legal rights of the owner, present or future, of either party, with which the voice of the Church expressed in the service seems to conflict. This apparent conflict is still more painfully conspicuous when the officiating clergyman is required to say, 'Those whom God hath joined together *let no man put asunder*.' Volumes of fanaticism and unbelief are latent in these few words. If the officiating clergyman himself own either the bride or bridegroom, this declaration may be considered (most unreasonably, but still with some plausibility) as in some sense estopping him from any future exercise of his rights as a Christian and a patriarch, even at considerable pecuniary loss. In every case he is thus made the mouthpiece of a revolutionary doctrine that blasphemes the right of property, and distinctly implies the existence of that anti-Christian fiction—a 'higher law.' Such profane utterances may suit the atmosphere of other communities, rank with Fourierisms and Freeloveisms, and every social corruption. But no Church that openly proclaims them can flourish within *our* borders."

The memorial suggests that there should be a fourth order in the ministry, who might be called either sub-deacon or simply auctioneer, and whose business it should be to administer the sacred rite of divorce to slave men and women on occasions when this was necessary for the convenience of the slaveholder. Mr. Memminger proposed something not very different from this in the last Episcopal Convention held at Charleston. He asked that a rule be adopted definitely acknowledging that marriage among slaves was not, in the eye of the Church, a binding ordinance. The Rev. Dr. Palmer, a Presbyterian divine, if we may call him so, who recently addressed a letter to his former flock in New Orleans, calling upon them to disregard the oath of allegiance to the United States which they had taken, has no scruples of this sort, and, as we are assured by a correspondent acquainted with the fact, married successively, with due religious solemnities, a woman in Columbia, South Carolina, to three different husbands, all of them living, the two first being sold off to Alabama. This is the Dr. Palmer who, just before the breaking-out of secession, received a very urgent call from a Church in this city. But let us give another extract or two from the tract before us:

"The service for the burial of the dead needs comparatively little change to adapt it to Southern institutions. But in the passage 'Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of *our deceased brother*,' etc., the last quoted three words are unmeaning, offensive to our instincts, and in conflict with the great fundamental ideas of our social system. 'This deceased biped,' or 'this defunct individual black man,' or words to that effect, should be substituted. In the solemn offices of religion, aught unreal should be studiously avoided.

"There are radical defects in the 'Prayer for a Sick Person' and the 'Office for the Visitation of the Sick.' Both are inapplicable to the case of sickness occurring among these colored objects of our love. Both assume that the patient, and not the proprietor of the patient, is the person chiefly interested in the patient's recovery. The Church's intercession is for the former alone. She turns coldly away from the sorrow and trial of the owner, without a single prayer that he be spared the loss or enabled to bear it with resignation—though it may reduce him from the estate of a gentleman, and compel him to labor for his own subsistence. Should this be so?

"Fearing to weary you by pointing out specifically all the additions and changes which the Prayer Book requires, we pause here, only hinting at a few further questions too important to be overlooked.

"Should not provision be made in cases where a parish church needs repair or enlargement, for raising the necessary funds by the sale of a sufficient number of colored communicants?

"Should not the want (at present so deeply felt) of Collects against Peace, for Dis-unity, and against the inroads of education and intelligence, be at once supplied?

"Can the present mode of collecting alms at the Offertory be so improved as to enable charitable Christians, anxious to give abundant alms of their substance, but temporarily deficient in the circulating medium, to slip a colored person or persons into the alms-dish, without noise and confusion?"

A FRESH PICTURE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

FEW books are more eagerly and widely read than the recent novels of Mr. Kirke. "Among the Pines," itself very largely a narrative of facts, was sufficient to establish his reputation for a keen eye and a graphic pen. The fortieth thousand of that stirring work goes to market with the first of its fit successor, "My Southern Friends." These books are as high-wrought in incident as the most intense sensationist can desire, yet their most vivid sketches are vitalized by truth. As the title of the later work implies, Mr. Kirke found among the Southern people many fine characters, many noble and beautiful traits. Jake Larkin, the negro-trader, is strongly and admirably drawn. Through ignorance and provincialism and the most depraved associations, his true nature reveals itself, shrewd, generous and humane. We give below his defense of Mulock, a wretch whose revolting crimes justify, so far as anything could do it, the appeal of an outraged community to the summary justice of Judge Lynch. It is a piece of masterly special pleading:

"Now, fur bein' both mean an' a fool, I 'low he orter be punished. But doan't ye kill him, gintlemen! Guv it ter him 'cording ter his natur' an' his merits. Just luk at him. Hev ye ever seed sech a face, an' sech an eye as thet, in ary human bein'? Why, his eye ar' jest like a snake's; an' it's nat'ral; ye knows, fur snakes ter crawl; the' karn't do nuthin' else, an' the' hain't ter blame fur it. No more ye karn't blame Mulock fur bein' whot he ar'. So guv him a coat uv tar—a ride on a rail—a duckin' in th' pond—arything thet's 'cording ter his natur' an' his merits; but doan't ye take 'way his life! Ef ye does thet, he's lost—lost furever; fur, I swar ter ye, his soul ar' so small, thet ef it wus once out uv his body, th' Lord himself couldn't find it, an' the pore feller'd hev ter gwo wand'rin' 'round with nary whar ter stay, an' nary friends, aither in heaven or t'other place! So be easy with him, gintlemen. Guv him one more chance. Let him stay yere a spell longer, fur yere his soul may grow. An' it kin grow. Everything in natur' grows—even skunks; an who knows but Mulock may sprout out yit, an' grow ter be a man!"

THE PREMIER AND THE BISHOP.—The following anecdote of Lord Palmerston and the Bishop of Oxford is told in the neighborhood where it occurred, the two parties being on a visit in the same house. On Sunday, Lord Palmerston proposed to take the Bishop to church in his carriage, which the latter declined, saying he preferred walking, and off he started. It came on to rain, and the Premier, passing the Bishop, put his head out of the window, saying:

"How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to *walk*."
"Aye," said the Bishop,
"Nor stands in sinner's way, nor *sits*
Where men profanely talk."

—*London Inquirer.*

TWO NEW ROYAL SAINTS.—A correspondent of the *Wurtumburg Anzieger* says: "Cardinal Wiseman announced in his letter entitled 'Rome and the Catholic Episcopate on Whitsuntide, 1862,' that the canonisation of two Queens was being proceeded with at Rome. They both belong to the now proscribed Bourbon family, and both died at Naples. One is Maria Clotilda, Queen of Sardinia, sister of King Louis XVI. of France, who died in 1802; the other is Maria Christina, the daughter of the King of Sardinia, consort of the deceased King of Naples, and mother of Francis II.; she died in 1836. The commencement of this process of canonisation is the investigation of the question whether there is a probability that the process can be carried out. The histories of the Queens have already sustained this preliminary process, and it is declared that a further investigation can take place."

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM AT HIGHGATE.—In the mind of the ordinary public, however, Highgate was more famous for its nonsensical practice of swearing travellers on the horns. The whole particulars of the ceremony may be found in Hone's "Every Day Book." In the great coaching days, when the travellers to London from the North stopped at Highgate, at whichever of its nineteen public-houses it might be, out came the horns fixed on a pole, and the passengers were sworn to eat no brown bread when they could get white, unless they like it better, and not to kiss the maid when they could kiss the mistress, unless they liked her better